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Midsummer Night's Dream

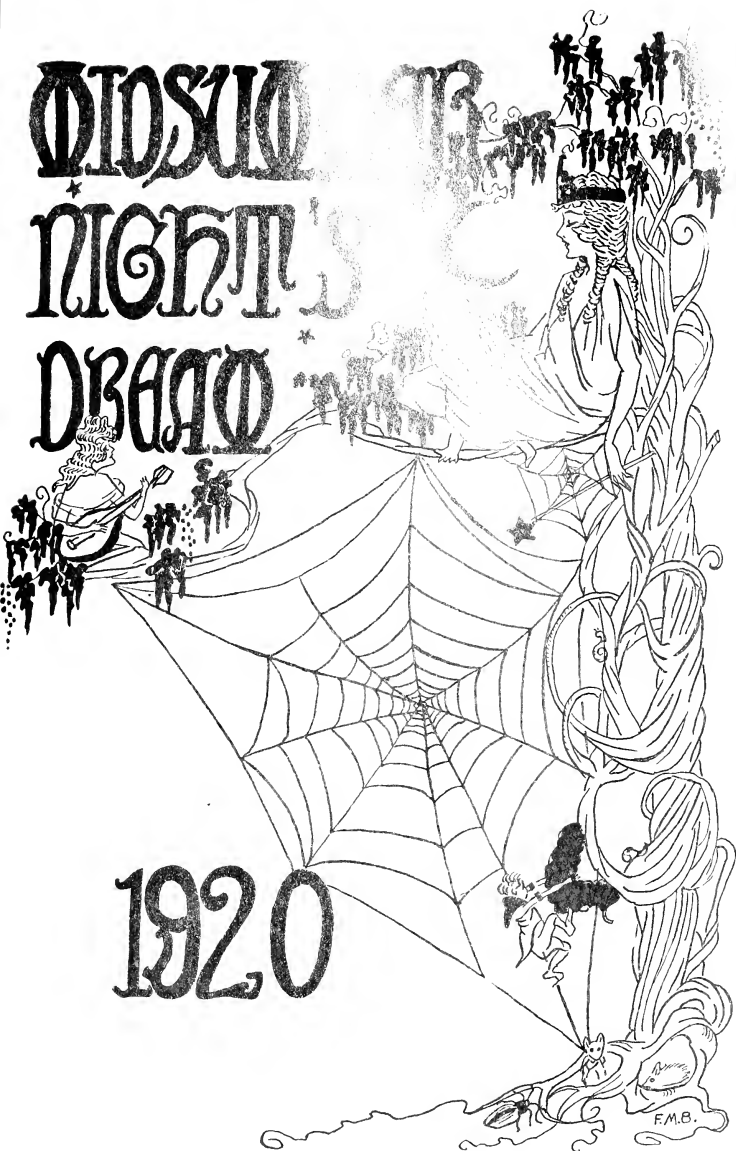
Sioux Falls High School

1920



WISDOM NIGHT DREAM

1920



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BY

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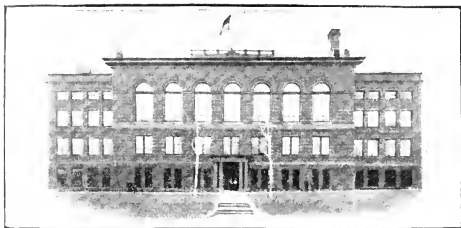
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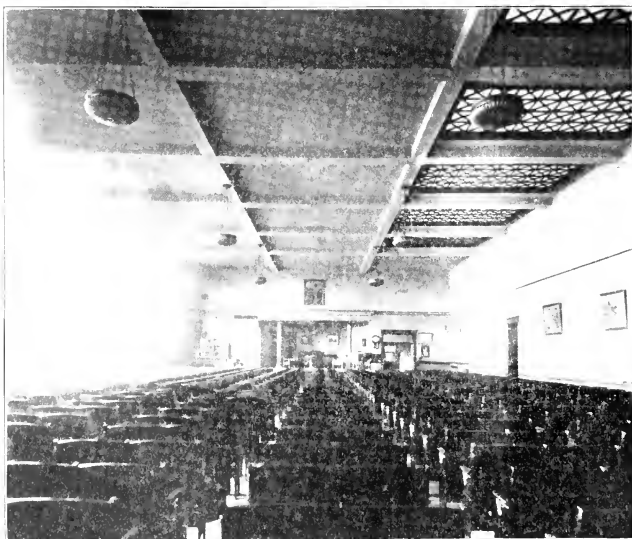


TO MRS. MABLE HAFSOS-WILEY,
our true friend, we, the Class of '20 affectionately
dedicate this book.



Foreword

As the name denotes, our inspiration in the preparation of this annual was Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream." This is especially true of the art and literary work. The spirit of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" typifies that of the Class of '20, a spirit of joy and gladness, yet at the same time one of seriousness and reality as their motto "Deeds, Not Words" denotes.





OUR "FAIRY GUARDIAN"—DOROTHY EARLY.

Class Motto : " Deeds, Not Words."

Class Colors : Brown and Gold.

Class Flower : Brown Eyed Susan.

Class Yells :

Let's Go ! Let's Go !

One - Nine - Two - O !

Are We Slow ?

We'll Say No !

One - Nine - Two - O !



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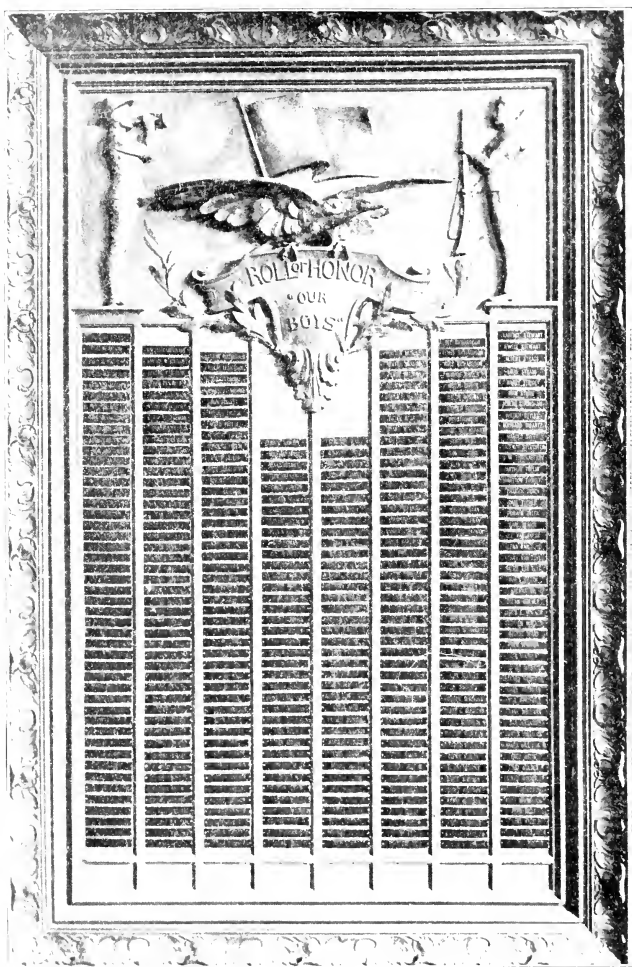
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4th Senior Class Advisor
W. H. S. 1902-

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A. B., U of Wisconsin
Ancient History
English
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W. H. S. 1917-



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W. H. S. 1916-

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W. H. S. 1919-



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 A. M. of Wisconsin U.
 English
 W. H. S. 1919-



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 Post Graduate, U. of Minnesota
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 W. H. S. 1918-

MAUD BRINTON
 B.A., U. of Iowa
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 W.H.S. 1919-



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 4th Senior Class Advisor
 W. H. S. 1908-



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Ph. B., U. of Wisconsin
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2¹ Sophomore Class Advisor
W. H. S. 1911-1912, 1914-1916,
1917½-

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Post graduate U. of Chicago
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W. H. S. 1919-



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Post Graduate U. of Minnesota
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W. H. S. 1918-

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W. H. S. 1911-



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 U. of South Dakota
 Physics
 W. H. S. 1915-



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 W. H. S. 1917-

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 2^d Sophomore Class Advisor
 W. H. S. 1916-



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 Wisconsin Library School
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A. M., Harvard U.
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W. H. S. 1911-



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Harmony & Appreciation
W. H. S. 1918-



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3rd Junior Class Advisor
W. H. S. 1912-



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W. H. S. 1918-



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W. H. S. 1911-



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3^d Junior Class Advisor
W. H. S. 1915-



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W. H. S. 1919-



W. HERBERT ROBERTS
Wales, Great Britain
Glee Clubs—Chorus
Printing
W. H. S. 1914-1918, 1918½-



MRS. E. M. WHITTAKER
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1st Freshman Class Advisor
W. H. S. 1914-



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B. S. in M. E., Purdue U.
Mechanical Drawing
Manual Training
Shop
W. H. S. 1916-



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Winona Normal
Domestic Art
Domestic Science
W. H. S. 1918-



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B. A. Wellesley College
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W. H. S. 1919½—

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Northern Normal & I. S. Aberdeen
Dixon College
Bookkeeping
Commerical Arithmetic
Commerical Law
W. H. S. 1919½—



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Post Graduate Chicago U.
French
W. H. S. 1919½—

JOHN E. OPP

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U. of Nebraska
U. of Colorado
General Science
W. H. S. 1919½—



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American College of Physical
Education
Los Angeles State Normal
Gregg School, Chicago
Stenography
Typewriting
W. H. S. 1918 -



LULA MAY WESTENHAVER
University of Wisconsin
Gregg School, Chicago
Stenography
Typewriting
W. H. S. 1918-

FRED BISHOP
Master Mechanic



JOE ALMOS
Custodian



The Class



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Sec. and Treas., Floyd Riley

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Vice President, Don Jessup
Sec. and Treas., Moriz Levinger

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Sec. and treas., Rhoda Warriner

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Sec. and Treas., Leon Archer

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Vice President, Clay Morstad
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Treasurer, Robert Anderson

2nd Sophomore Year:

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Vice President, Arthur Tracy
Sec. and Treas., Nellie Reid

4th Senior Year

President, Robert Anderson
Vice President, Isabel Sibson
Sec., Constance Youngberg
Treasurer, Harold Bell



VERA WULF

"Vee"

"Maiden! with meek
brown eyes
In whose orbs a shadow
lies
Like the dusk in evening
skies."



CLAY MORSTAD

Clay

"With tireless vigor, and
steady heart."



NELLIE REID

"Lolly"

"Our young friend whose
smile
Made brighter summer
hours."



ISABEL SIBSON

"Iss"

"Her large charity
(An all unwitting, child-
like gift in her)
Not freer is to give than
meek to bear
And though herself not
unacquaint with care,
Hath in her heart room
for all that be."



GEORGE FREESE

"Shorty."

"He puts every nerve in-
to his task."



RUTH WILLIAMS

"Theda"

"Up and down, up and
down,
I will lead them up and
down,"





CONSTANCE YOUNGBERG

"Conny"

"When I think, I must
speak."



ROBERT ANDERSON

"Bob"

"I'll put a girdle round a-
bout the earth
In forty minutes "



BEATRICE YOUNGBERG

"Bitty"

"The blush is beautiful,
but it is sometimes incon-
venient."



VELMA PERRY

Velma

"Oh sweet and lovely
Velma."



WILLIAM ENEBOE

"Shrimp"

"He feeds his soul with
noble aims."



RUTH McCARTY

"Mickey"

"Her e'en sae bright, her
brow sae white,

Her haffet locks as brown's
a berry,

And ay they dimple 'twi'
a smile

The rosy cheeks o' bonnie
Mickey."





PHILA HUMPHREYS

"Phyl"

Not to idle dreams and
trances
Not to ease and aimless
quiet
Does her inward answer
tend.



DEAN MCSLOY

"Mac"

"His cogitative faculties
immerse in cogibundity
of cogitation."



FAE WARNES

Fae

"Fair is she and young."



MAUD WILLIAMS

"Speed Demon"

"Come now! What mas-
ques,
What dances shall we
have
To wear away this long
age?"



HAROLD ELMEN

"Huts"

"What should be said of
him cannot be said ;
By too great splendor is
his name attended.



IONA MALMGREN

"Dimples"

"In my heart the dew of
youth;
On my lips the smile of
truth."





LAURA PETERSON

"Pete"

"Sweet thoughts ! They made her eyes as sweet."



NEWELL ANDREWS

Newell

"I come to preach the doctrine of a strenuous life."



LOUISE SIMONSON

"Shorty"

"Kindness and cheerfulness are among her good qualities."



HELEN HELFERT

"Happy"

"Within the limit of becoming mirth."



THOMAS FISKE

"Tommy"

"He is the best democrat of all."



PYRLE CLOUD

"Pat"

"Great feelings hath she
of her own
Which lesser souls may
never know
Yet in herself she dwell-
eth not."





FLORIS BUTTS

"Flip"

"Oh happy fair! Your
eyes are lode-stars."



DON JESSUP

Don

"He makes a friend of
all he meets."



HELEN DONOVAN

"Sniggie"

"Awake the pert and nim-
ble spirit of mirth."



EMILY SAVAGE

"Peg"

"Purity of mind and conduct is the first glory of a woman."



BEN GINSBACH

"Ben"

"The will of man is by his reason swayed."



THELMA COWIE

"Thelma"

"O, when she's angry she is keen and shrewd!
She was a vixen when she went to school;
And though she is but little, she is fierce"





DAGNY BOE
"Danny"
 "Her life is gentle."



ROBERT DOTT
"Dott"
 "Conscientious effort accomplishes great things."



BERNICE CARROLL
"Stubby"
 "She is a bonnie, winsome, wee thing."



MARY LOWER

Mary

"Thy voice is like a fountain
Leaping up in sunshine
bright."



LLOYD JONES

"Jonesy"

Brown health and quiet
wit
Smiling on the threshold
sit."



TENA TJADEN

Tena

"Tell me, thou ancient
mariner
That sailest on the sea,
If ship, or sword, or
battle-field
Be half so fair as she!"





GRACE WALKER
Grace
"I go! I go! Look how I go!"



LLOYD PETERSON
"Pete"
"My mind to me a kingdom is."



WINIFRED WILSON
"Winnie"
"Our nuptial hour draws on apace;
Four happy days bring in another moon."



ALICE WOODWARD

"Woody"

"A gentleness that grows
of steady faith,
A joy that spreads its
sunshine everywhere."



LEON ARCHER

"Stub"

"Pleasure smiles on duty
At the call of youth and
beauty."



MABLE LARSON

"Susie"

"She doeth little kind-
nesses."





FRANCES REYNOLDSON

"Frank"

"Studious is her manner,
Earnest is her face;
Yet there's a twinkle in
her eye,
And many giggles on the
sly."



GORDON ORR

"Gord"

"Genius has a twin brother
whose name is Gordon."



ETHYL DAVIS

"Davie"

"Let gentleness my strong
enforcement be."



MILDRED DONAHUE

"Milly"

"All thoughts bright and
pure."



MORIZ LEVINGER

"Morrey"

"Lord! what fools these
mortals be!"



LUCILE OLSON

"Irish"

"And her tongue's sweet
air, never ceasing."





HELEN DUBBE

Helen

"Hers is a spirit deep, and
crystal-clear,
Calmly beneath her ear-
nest face it lies,
Free without boldness,
meek without a fear,
Quicker to look than speak
its sympathies."



FRANCIS McKEE

"Mac"

"Small respect for can't
and whine."



BERNICE MUCHOW

Bernice

"She hath no scorn of
common things."



ALPHA OSBOE

"Al"

"Speech is silver but silence is golden."



NEWTON McLAUGHLIN

"Newt"

"To ride the rolling sea
Is the bonnie life for
me."



MAYME GOODHOPE

"Min"

"She has a capable hand."





FLORENCE STEWART

"Fuzz"

"Sharp of tongue and keen
of wit is she."



LEO BECHTOLD

"Beck"

"I am the merry wander-
er of the night."



MILRED TRAVAILLE

"Mip"

"What! Will you tear im-
patient answers from my
gentle tongue?"



VIVIAN DEUSER

"Viv"

"We can be as good as
we please, if we please to
be good."



BRAINARD CHRISTIANSON
Brainard

"I can wisely say that I
am a bachelor"



OLIVE ECKERT

"Ollie"

"In maiden meditation,
fancy free."





LILLIE JOHNSON

Lillie

"To homely joys and
loves and friendships
Her genial nature fondly
clings."



ARTHUR OLSON

"Art"

"Clear, calm and earnest
are his words."



BERNICE WALSH

Bernice

"She hath a natural, wise
sincerity,
A simple truthfulness and
these have lent her
A dignity as moveless as
the center."



DERESSA O'HEARN

"Bobby"

"Her ways are ways of
pleasantness"



MILO THELIN

"Mike"

"Earnest toil and strong
endeavor."



FRANCES WAUGH

"Frank"

"I laugh and chatter as I
go."





MYRTLE LARSON

"Red"

"She doeth all things
well;
She hath a pleasant smile
for all."



WILLIAM STEEVER

"Bill"

"True merit is like a river;
The deeper it is the less
noise it makes."



DORIS WILLARD

"Dode"

"I never knew so young a
body with so old a head."



YOLANDE BREAM
"Ole"

Her face glows with the
wealth of simple beauty
and rustic health."



RUEBEN LARSON
"Rube"

"The sun was not so true
unto the day, as he to all."



ELOISE CHIZUM
"Chizzy"

"She stood a spell on one
foot fust,
Then stood a spell on
tother,
An' on which one she felt
the wust
She couldn't ha' told ye,
nuther."





HELEN ELDRIDGE

"Slim"

"Smooth runs the water
where the brook is deep."



GLEN BECKER

Glen

"A lion among ladies is a
dreadful thing."



ELIZABETH HOLMES

"Lizabeth"

"And in the modesty of
fearful duty I read as
much as from the rattling
tongue."



AMY FINCH

"Shorty"

"Though we lose our fortune

tune

Yet we should not lose
our patience."



HAROLD BELL

"Huts"

"He is like the rocks, silent
and steadfast."



HELEN DONAHUE

"Sis"

"Sober, steadfast and demure."





MARIE ANTOINE

Marie

"Reason says you are a
worthy maid."



DELLA GREEN

"Tody"

"Marks, not men, have
always been her aim."



ELMER ENGELHARDT

Elmer

"Hard tasks I do not fear,
For when I persevere,
My trials disappear."

ESTHER KOENIG

"Et"

"As a June morning with
music and sunshine."



HENRY HARTWELL

"Hank"

"His words in simplest
home-spun clad."



CECIL FINCH

"Curly"

"I'm a happy Senior boy,
With some trouble and
some joy."

| | |
|----------------------|--------------------|
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| Geo. C. Freese | Business Manager |
| Maud Williams | Business Assistant |
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1920



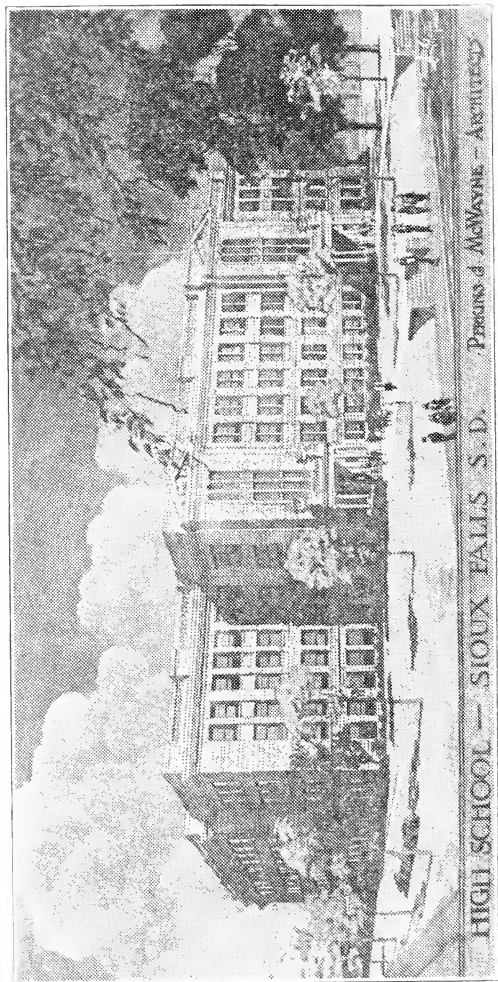
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HIGH SCHOOL — SIOUX FALLS S. D. PRINCE & McWAYNE — ARCHITECTS





ONCE ONLY

Just before the beginning of the term, all of the seventh-grade pupils from Lincoln, Lowell and Longfellow schools received notice to attend the Emerson School. Where was the Emerson? This was the first time we had ever heard of it. We felt a bit surprised when we found it was the old brown Methodist Church on the corner of Minnesota Avenue and Eleventh Street. Because of the crowded conditions in the regular grade school buildings, the school board had found it necessary to transform this old church into a temporary school building. Now, why the place was named Emerson was always a mystery—there was nothing “trancendental” about it.

A few days before the “first day” some of us went down to see what it was like. It was a sight! The place seemed to consist of Beaver-Board, green linoleum and coat-hooks. The Beaver-Board only reached up part way, so when our work began, we could hear nearly everything anybody else said, even in the most distant room.

Perhaps by mutual consent of the teachers, we sang at different times. Thus we were enabled to kill considerable time standing while various groups took their turn singing the four verses and all the choruses of “The Star Spangled Banner”.

In a little room in one corner of the building, the pupils who came from the outskirts ate their lunches. It was in this same room that the various classes held extra sessions in grammar with our principal, Miss. Krueter.

One thing we never missed, was the folk-dancing, after school, under Miss Jacobson's instruction. We really hated to go home! Perhaps this explains in part, the gracefulness and rhythm of motion in so many of the class of '20!

Just to show the school some pep, the Lincoln seventh had a party—a real sleigh ride—with all the trimmings. The oyster supper at Gladys Egan's disappeared in no time. Another way they had of showing their “pep” was the delightful way they rendered aloud in unison “Paul Revere's Ride.”

So this novel year at “Emerson” passed, leaving to at least, part of 1920, many memories and the distinction of having attended Emerson School an entire year.

THE MEMORY FAIRIES

Fairy Fay folded her tiny wings and dropped gently up-on the big buttercup beside Maid Merrie.

"Oh, I'm tired," she whispered softly. "I've been way over to the Sioux Falls High School to look again at that class of '20. Puck told me that if ever I wanted to see a dandy class to go now before they graduated. So I went and it was well worth the long distance.

"I don't doubt it a bit," replied Maid Merrie. But do tell me about it. You know I haven't seen that class since they were in eighth grade."

"Oh dear! wasn't it funny?" chuckled Fairy Fay, "Their first day in old Central. They all flocked together and when it came to going to a different room for each class, they were absolutely lost."

"And I'll never forget the way they were arranged in that old assembly. Not alphabetically, as they usually are you know, but according to their height. I suppose that was the easiest way to take care of so many, and there were a lot of them."

"And do you remember the little clubs they used to have in their A class? There were the K.K.K.'s the C.C.C.'s the S.S.S.'s and the W.W.W.'s."

"Yes, I remember them particularly," replied Maid Merrie, "for I never knew any other class to have such a fondness for clubs. But they were always doing something like that."

"They even used to write their notes to each other in code. It's a wonder how they ever remembered all the signs."

Suddenly Maid Merrie jumped up and clapped her hands. "Oh! and their track meet at Sherman Park, the one where they had relay races, girls' baseball games, sack races, three-legged races, and all kinds of sports."

"And the B class got the highest average," Fairy Fay sighed. "That was such a blow to the A class, but," brightening, "they've gotten over it all right, haven't they? They can safely say that they haven't been beaten so very many times since then."

"Yes, I agree with you," Maid Merrie replied. "But do you remember how they used to go over to the High School



THE MEMORY FAIRIES—Continued

for their lunches? They were dismissed earlier than the High School and consequently got up to the Domestic Science room quicker. You know that was when it was on the third floor. And I guess they used to make quite a bit of noise getting there."

"Not only then, but when the girls went to their domestic science class once a week, too, I remember the teachers were always cautioning them to be quiet."

"Do you remember the lunch they served to their teachers and the boys of their class, the last day of their domestic science class? From the way the boys gobbled it up, I think it must have been pretty good; even if they were only eighth graders."

"And to think they're Seniors now, almost ready to graduate. Doesn't time go fast?"

"I should say it does. I'm going to try to see them before their graduation, because after that, they'll never be all together again."

"Well, I wish you good luck in getting there. Tell me about it when you get back, won't you? Goodness! but I'm sleepy. I guess that long journey has tired me more than I thought. I think I'll go to sleep right here if you don't mind."

"No indeed. I think I will too."

And so they curled up together in the big buttercup and went to sleep.

GHOSTS OF YESTERDAY

It had drizzled and dripped all day long and when night finally came it was pitch black, damp and cold. Even though one could not see his own hand before him he could feel that heavy damp mysterious fog that settled over all.

I had been sent to the drug store to buy some medicine for a man that lay dying but when I finally reached the store they said they had just received word that the man was dead. As I went up 11th street stumbling and feeling my way I noticed the one and only light I had seen since I left the drug store. It seemed to be in Mr. Early's office. Was it a bright, clear, radiant light like the eyes of a laughing child? No! it was flickering, and faint, in vain trying



GHOSTS OF YESTERDAY—Continued

to cast its glare through those massy chambers of air, not as a laughing child but as a blind -- stone blind old man.

The darkness never ceased—

At times it seemed to disappear, then as in death it would gasp for more air—more air! I would have passed on my way but all at once something happened that made me shudder and grow faint and weak. Across the street in the Congregational church figures seemed to be moving about robed in white flowing garments. There was no sound save the low death-like murmur of the house of mourning. The murmur continued; I turned my head and in front of the school on the west side I saw more of these objects moving mysteriously around, going from one to the other and whispering in low haunting mysterious tones. After listening for some time I heard one drawl out, "There i- -s o- -n- -e; get him." At this there was a noiseless stir of white robes and they carried their ghost victim into the school.

After some time I was suddenly startled and frightened by the tolling of a bell not far away. One — two—three — four — it was not a ring but a muffled death toll. The echo seemed to be weighed down by the fog so much that it reached even into the church tower.

Then what was this I saw next? The figures slowly came from the church and were swallowed up by the blackness of the school house.

By this time I thought I was brave enough to see what was next on the scene, so I followed them into this pit of darkness. The darkness never lightened, the murmurs never ceased.

As I entered I heard wild shrieks for mercy that seemed to come from the direction of the boy's lavatory. "Hit him again" "Turn on the hot water" "Cook him alive." Then for a minute, which seemed hours, all was quiet but-- the darkness never lightened.

At the end of this minute there came a great moan of pain from the assembly room and hurrying to the door I was just in time to see, by the glare of two candles, thirteen great white figures putting William Eneboe into a barrel of iodine. He was moaning and begging for mercy but there was none granted.

GHOSTS OF YESTERDAY—Continued

The moans were full of pain and the darkness never lightened.

I felt myself shiver in this cold icy place but my mind was not on myself long for through the tar-black hall I saw a tall white figure come slowly stalking along. It turned and went into the assembly and sat down.

Then someone groaned "Ruth Williams, give me some of that candy, I helped to buy it." The voice was Esther Koenig's. On account of the darkness I could not see any candy passed but I did see the ghost of Mr. Early standing directly back of this group.

By this time my eyes were as large as saucers and as I passed Mr. Ott's room down stairs I heard a pitful cry of distress and at once I knew it belonged to Moriz Levinger. "Please Seniors, let me go. Oh, Oh, Oh, let me go!" As I was trying to leave this haunted place I heard a bell ringing and it seemed to be somewhere in my head. I stumbled over some boxes in front of the printing room* * * * the next thing I knew I was not at high school at all, but home half in half out of bed with the covers every which way. I wasn't 1916 at all but good old 1932 and I had been dreaming of my Freshman year.

The next thing I heard was Mrs. Constance Anderson out in the kitchen talking a blue streak to my wife, about the fine fresh vegetables that her husband had for sale that morning.

Then she started telling my wife about the show she had seen the night before featuring Henry Hartwell and Thelma Cowie in "Demons of the Dark Ages". She said that she enjoyed the show but that Dean McSloy preached on Bolshivism between acts and she didn't care for that.

As I sat in there on the bed, an unknown listener, I could just imagine Mrs. Anderson making all the motions she always does when she talks. She had started talking scandal so I kept my ears peeled for news--"Had you heard about Louis Murphy's running away with all the money his wife, Velma Perry, had made in her "Ladies Shop"? Yes, Louis has cleaned the place and has escaped to Ellis, so Mrs. Murphy is now left penniless with all the children to support and educate.

GHOSTS OF YESTERDAY—Continued

At this the doorbell rang, and of course it was Glenn Becker after more sawdust with which Leo Bechtold was stuffing dolls.

"What a funny life-work for two men!", said Constance.

"Oh, they've been at it two years and have become quite prosperous dealers", replied my wife.

I couldn't stand this any longer and so I made my escape out the side door to the Koenig & Williams Barber Shop just around the corner, feeling that my last night's dream and my morning dose of scandal had made me live sixteen years in one night.

SOPHOMORE AND JUNIOR YEARS.

"Just think, Thelma, just two more weeks, and we'll leave our high school days behind us," said Esther, as she stood on the ladder decorating the gym for the last time.

"We've had some pretty good times during our four years here, even though our studies have sometimes been a drudge" responded Thelma who was holding the ladder.

"We certainly have," Esther replied, her mouth full of tacks, "Remember that sophomore party, it was a masquerade I believe?"

"Oh, to be sure, that was the time when we had all those clever fortune telling booths, and a place where we felt of the parts of a murdered man."

"I'll never forget," answered Esther, "the sensation I had feeling of those peeled grapes, which were supposed to represent the eyes, and wasn't that a wet sponge they had for his brains?"

"I don't remember that so well," Thelma said, "but I do remember getting fooled in that 'Sioux Falls by night' trick when they led us through the boiler room where it was pitch dark' with ghosts staring at us from every corner, and all they showed us was a lone light, through a window at the farthest end of the room

"Everything turned out much better at that party," Esther said, carefully climbing down from the ladder, "than

SOPHOMORE AND JUNIOR YEARS—continued

the general run of class parties that have been given in the gym, and decidedly better than that junior party that we had last May."

"That surely was far from a success, even after the time and work that so many of us spent in preparation," Thelma said.

"I wouldn't have minded the rest so much if the refreshments hadn't been stolen at the last minute," replied Esther, "but that was enough to put the damper on any kind of a party."

"Taken all together though," Thelma said, picking up a loose streamer from the floor, "I think our sophomore and junior years were very jolly ones."

"Yes, and I do hope," remarked Esther standing back to view the results of their afternoon's work, "that this party will be the best we've had, to end up our high school days."

THE JUNIOR PARTY

The party held by the classes of '20 and '20½ in the last part of their Junior year was one that will be long remembered by both classes, and especially by the class of '20 who were promoting it.

About a month before the close of the semester, plans were started and it was decided to hold the party in two weeks. The decoration committee brought in branches covered with new green leaves for decoration and also put up green and pink crepe paper streamers.

The first half of the party went off according to schedule although some of the more bashful boys were afraid to come in and had to be dragged in. About half of the bunch danced to the beautiful music (jazz was not popular then) and the other half played games or played they were wall decorations.

A good time was "being had by all" until the time for the eats came around, then disappointment and dejection!

Someone had stolen all the ice cream and cake and cookies leaving nothing but the paper plates and silverware. The ones who did the dirty deed thought it was funny but we couldn't get their point of view.

THE JUNIOR PARTY—continued

The dancers stopped and everyone looked expectant for sometime until someone had the nerve to ask "when do we eat?"

This was the depth bomb that exploded the party. Some of the guests went home then, and some stayed in the vain hope that the eats would walk back.

At last the refreshment committee had a bright idea and Freese went down after more ice cream. When he came back with it there was general jubilation until the serving was begun.

Then horror of horrors! The first ones served were not eating. They were all too polite to say anything but it was all too plain that the ice cream was sour.

When the refreshment committee heard this they wished they hadn't tried to have the party on Friday, the thirteenth.

In spite of all the bad luck though, everyone who went will remember the party as a successful one and one of the best times the class has had.

THE ART MASQUERADE

It was the day after the big masquerade party given by the art classes of the school in our four-one year.

"I never did have such a good time in all my life at a masquerade," Ruth said.

"Neither did I," the rest said in almost one breath.

"And wasn't there a crowd? There were over four hundred, I believe" exclaimed Esther, "I think there never has been so many at any of the parties since we came into school, and every one seemed to be having a fine time."

"Didn't the gym look perfectly wonderful, though?" questioned Maud.

"Oh! do tell me all about it, please!" begged Mary, "I wasn't here then and from all that I've heard, I missed a grand party."

"You certainly did," answered Thelma.

"Oh Fern! You tell her about the decorations and things because you know more about it than we do as you helped to decorate."

THE ART MASQUERADE—Continued

"All right!" said Fern. "Of course, there was a committee on decoration, but all of the art classes helped with it. Wires were put up cross ways of the room and orange and black streamers were strung loosely across on these. Then there were piles of corn husks tied around each of the posts. At one side of the room was a fire place, and a very real looking one too. On each side of this there was a witch and a ghost. There was also a fortune teller sitting beside the fire place. At one end of the room were the Black Cat booth and the refreshment booth. The refreshment booth was all covered with flowers and certainly was pretty. The Black Cat booth was covered with orange and black paper and a sign up above said, "Two Little Kittens"; and there were two of the darlinest little kittens painted on the sign. At the other end of the room there was a big black cat face high up on the wall. Oh, yes, and there were some big and little pumpkin heads hanging up on the posts."

"It is the best the gym has ever looked. I believe" remarked Lucille. "It looked like a different place."

"Oh, I know it just looked perfectly wonderful," cried Mary enthusiastically, "but go on and tell me some more. What did you do first?"

"When we first came in we were handed our programs," Florentine went on. "These had been made by pupils of the art classes. They were orange with black cats, and pumpkins and things painted on them. Then we were told to go to the Black Cat booth. We had a hard time getting there because there was such a crowd ahead of us. Bertha Steer and Elnore Randoph were dressed as Black Cats and were handing numbers for the grand march and tickets for the fortune-telling booths and refreshments. After getting our numbers and tickets, we all got in place for the grand march."

"Who led the grand march?" questioned Mary.

"John Tuthill and Doris Bright," answered Thelma

"During the grand march, Miss Gillette, Mr. Roberts, Jim Ashley, and Esther Arnston, judged the costumes," Florentine went on. "Floris Butts got the prize for the prettiest; it was an old fashioned costume. Lloyd Moore got the prize for the funniest, and it certainly was funny, hardly anyone

THE ART MASQUERADE—Continued

knew him. He was dressed up as an old farmer. Betty Watson and Dorothy Butts got the prize for the most original. They were dressed alike. The prizes were big boxes of candy. After this there were four dances and then a special dance by Verlyn Dokken and Joanna Downs."

"They have never had anything like that before have they?" asked Esther. "I liked it real well."

"I don't think they have" replied Maud. "It was so different that every one liked it."

"Wasn't that prize dance good though?" asked Thelma. "I didn't think so many would take part in it. Miss Hafsos, Katherine Moore and Clay Morstad were the Judges. Roy Meyers and Olive Hauser got the prizes, but I don't know what they were. Did you see them, Et?"

"Oh, yes, they both got boxes of candy too, don't you remember?" Esther answered.

"Weren't you glad when it was time to unmask?" asked Maud. "I certainly got a lot of surprises."

"In between times, I believe nearly every one got their fortunes told," said Thelma. "I had my fortune told once by Miss Farr, the Gypsy Fortune Teller. She told me the funniest fortune."

"Who were the rest of them?" Mary asked. "I wish I had been there. I just love to have my fortune told."

"Miss McMillin was the "Japanese Fortune Teller", and Miss Rockwell was the "Witch", replied Thelma. Oh yes, and Miss Osia and Miss Jacobson had "The Gruesome Tale."

"They served refreshments cafeteria style, right after we unmasked," said Ruth. "Nearly every one was in line when I got there and so I had a nice wait. It was a real Halowe'en lunch, pumpkin pie, apples, pop-corn, and doughnuts. It was awfully nice."

"Several folks had a lot of confetti that they threw around. I was nearly covered with it by the time I was through eating," Esther remarked.

"There were more dances afterwards and several extras," continued Ruth, "And then it was time to go home."

THE ART MASQUERADE—continued

"It was certainly a dandy party. I wish I had been here for it, I wouldn't have missed it for worlds," said Mary.

"Everyone had such fun at it," said Esther. "The art classes made a wonderful success of it, I think."

"So do I," replied Thelma. "I wish they would give another one before we get out of school."

"Wouldn't that be simply grand," cried Mary. "I know I wouldn't miss it for anything."

LOOSE LEAVES FROM A GIRL'S DIARY

December 3. Dear Diary, I know something is a-foot! I can sort of feel it by the way everyone is thinking. We (that means the class of '20) want a party but we're so tired of just ordinary dancing parties in the gym. And we must have it, too, before Christmas vacation because everyone will be so busy with the finals when we come back. So everybody's thinking hard for something different.

December 5. We've found a plan at last! And, Oh Diary, it is the nicest plan and everyone is so pleased with it. It's to be a theatre party with the trimmings afterward in a perfectly new shop that isn't even finished yet. The proprietors are willing to rush their work so we can use the room the night before the opening day, if we won't be too particular about everything being in order. And we won't be particular; I know we won't, 'cause we think it's too nice a plan to spoil.

December 12. We're going to invite the graduating class to our first senior party. Besides having them as our guests I think our motive was partly to keep our conscience clear because we hope to be a graduating class, too, someday. And after the manner of graduating classes, we will expect to be entertained by the rest of the seniors. Oh, I know this is going to be a fine party. Everybody is talking about it. "Are you going?" echoes along the halls and "I should say so!" answers back.

December 17. The day has come and gone! And O! we had such a good time. It was snowy and cold but nobody minded that. Everyone was intent on having a good

LOOSE LEAVES FROM A GIRL'S DIARY—Continued

time. We met at the school and just think! there were one hundred and four of us. And didn't people stare when we walked in! But wasn't it horrid? They marched us down to the very front seat! But we didn't care very much and the picture was good enough to make up for the rest. Oh and in the Chocolate Shop afterward every thing was so new and painty and the colors were rose and grey. Just the same as the colors of the Class of 19½. It looked as if we had decorated just especially for then. People stopped and stared in the windows and came in and wanted to be served but they had to go out again because we had it all to ourselves.

And we waited and waited and visited and visited while we waited. I think they had to make the ice cream, we waited so long but no one found fault because we said we wouldn't be particular. The orchestra was playing all the while and we danced between the tables. Mr. Stevenson made calls at everybody's table—and was so jolly—I know, because he was at our table joking. And everywhere he went they laughed. And Miss Wilson told some fish stories, I know she did, for we saw her measuring them off. Dear Diary, I feel as if some good fairy must have been watching over us to-night. Everything was so nice and all so happy.

THE SENIOR PROM.

Dearest Lorraine:

The only thing I can think about now is the Senior Prom—the *First Annual Senior Prom*—next Friday night. It's going to be the grandest affair. It's advertised all over. Everywhere you go you see an advertisement for the Senior Prom. We've invited all the alumni besides the faculty and everyone in the school. I wonder how many of them will come? There's going to be both dancing and cards, and we're going to have the Country Club orchestra. Just stop and contemplate all that and I know you'll be crazy to come. I'm awfully sorry you're too far away for that but I'll write again and let you know everything about it.

Phyllis

THE SENIOR PROM.—Continued

Oh Lorraine! it's all over and I'm writing this this very night so you'll be sure to get it as soon as possible. It was a perfectly grand success, both socially and financially. We made about \$50 clear I think, but that's the least part of it. There were quite a lot there but it wasn't too crowded for dancing. Mr. and Mrs. Tom Manchester led the Grand March. There were card tables over in one corner of the gym but not very many played cards.

We worked hard all day Friday decorating and the gym certainly looked nice. We used brown and gold, our class colors everywhere, even in our programs which were little booklets. They had stiff brown covers with the High School monogram in gold. At the top of each inside page was our ring seal. The girls' programs were tied with gold cord and the boys' had brown pencils attached.

There were streamers all overhead and around the pillars and gold and brown poppies on the pillars too. We had palms in the corners, forming a sort of bower around the orchestra. The art department made the dearest gold and brown shades for our floor lamps. The bleachers were all covered with white paper and there were little steps going up to the balcony where we served punch and wafers and where our guests sat. Maud's and Tommy's and George's mothers and fathers were our patrons and patronesses.

I can't remember another thing about it and anyway I'm just about dead.

Sleepily,

Phyllis.



THANKS.

If someone gives a grouch or growl
As you do pass along,
The way will seem more dark,
And things will all be wrong.

By just a little thanks
As you do pass along,
You'll make the way more bright
And lighten it with song.



SALUTATORY

"When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre,
 He'd 'eard men sing by land an' sea;
 An' what he thought 'e might require,
 'E went an' took—the same as me!

The market-girls an' fishermen,
 The shepherds an' the sailors, too,
 They 'eard old songs turn up again,
 But kep' it quiet—same as you!

They knew 'e stole; 'e knew they knowed.
 They didn't tell, nor make a fuss,
 But winked at 'Omer down the road,
 An' 'e winked back—the same as us!"

Kipling.

The class of 1920 extends to you, our friends and parents, a most hearty welcome to this, our commencement. From this time we are no longer students in Sioux Falls High School, but will take our place with you as fellow-citizens. On this night, the end of our four years at high school, the school education of many of us is completed; others of us are going to increase our learning by a college course. Whatever we do, we want to be good citizens of our country, assuming the duties and responsibilities of that citizenship. In order to do our part in this great democracy we must face squarely the many grave problems that confront us. Some of these problems are the Red Peril, Bolshevism in America, the negro problem, the railroad question, reconstructive movements, and above all our great problem of Americanization.

SALUTATORY—Continued

The European war has led the American people to realize the seriousness of admitting foreigners into American citizenship. In order best to meet the momentous questions that await us it is necessary, first of all, that we have an intelligent and sympathetic understanding of them. Let us not waste time finding fault with the action of the government, for constant criticism of governmental policies and present laws affords little help. Let us play our part individually and accomplish what we can as citizens to bring about solutions of them.

Americanization is the transformation of foreigners into real loyal Americans, that give not only lip service but heart service to our country. The immigrants that come into the United States should give up the ideas, sentiments, traditions, and ideals of the land of their birth, and accept honestly, and wholeheartedly and participate in those of the American people. Winthrop Talbot, who has been an Advisor in Alien Education, on the Bureau of Industries and Immigration, and on the New York Industrial Commission defines Americanization as "the process of sharing in and promoting the ideals, aims, activities, and practice of basic American governmental principles, American freedom of thought, American schooling and language, and the best manners, habits, and customs of America." Without our cooperation it is difficult for these aliens to become Americanized so that we may be a nation characteristically American from top to bottom.

Let us shake off the indifference which exists toward the immigrants; let us make them feel that they are one of us, not a foreign element in our midst; let us urge them, if qualified, to take out citizenship papers; and then let us give them the real American atmosphere, and through our good example bring them into contact with what is best in this country. Franklin K. Lane, who has done much to promote Americanization says, "I have had in my mind for some time the creating of a new organization which I have called, for lack of a better name, 'The League of American Fellowship'. There should be no condition for membership, excepting a pledge each member gives, that every year he will undertake to interpret America sympathetically to at

SALUTATORY—Continued

least one foreign-born person. A league of this kind might mean great progress in the solution of this problem." These are the suggestions of the late Secretary of the Interior. Something of this kind would be very beneficial, but until an organization similar to this is founded, let us do all that we as individuals can to Americanize foreigners.

Of course, the immigrants must be taught English, but in addition to this they must be given a thorough knowledge of Americanism in all its meanings, thus giving them a greater understanding of their obligations as residents and citizens of America.

The agencies or forces of Americanization are many and great, and wherever one is or whatever one does, he should be able to help this movement along. We are going out into the world. Let us see how we can help bring about a solution. The three most important agencies are the public school, the public library, and the press. Already in school we have seen how our contact with peoples of a different country helps to Americanize them. Knowing this, let us urge foreigners to attend school and thus gain a knowledge of American institutions, in addition to gaining preparation for future life, as American citizens. Both the library and the press are successful agencies and if we would get them to working by urging aliens to attend the library and read the press, these forces would work of their own accord.

If the immigrants were persuaded to join the societies, fraternities, and orders that function throughout our land they might easily be taught loyalty and love of country, and obedience to law and order. In addition they could be urged to improve their home surroundings, and raise their standard of living. Each immigrant thus welcomed to our community is a step towards the solution of this question.

The American games, sports, and movies are other forces which bring a better knowledge of the American spirit to the alien. It is our part to arouse his interest in them.

The church and Sunday School tend to draw the people closer together, and make them of one mind. It would be no hard task to prevail upon some foreigner to

SALUTATORY—Continued

attend religious services. Charitable organizations also tend to Americanize by creating a desire to help ones fellow-citizens.

Together with the above named if the immigrant is taught to use the ballot box in a pure and just way our nation will become more of the type of democracy that our forefathers intended it to be.

So, Friends and Fellow-Students, we see some of the many ways that we can help these future citizens along and make our democracy still greater than it now is. Certainly this is very little to do for our country when such a minimum of effort results in such a maximum of benefit.

Let us do all that we can to aid in Americanization and make our nation more nearly measure up to the high standards of the founders of our government and the organizers of our school system.

THE WHITE FIELD OF DEATH

For several days, the party moved northward toward that vast, white region of death. The wolves were the only animals now seen. They at last came to the Romanzof Mountains, the home of the musk ox and polar bears, the largest and fiercest bears in North America. A permanent camp was made in a valley between two small mountains. From this camp, each man would go in a different direction hunting for musk ox and bears.

On the third day of camp the weather looked bad. "Look out for a blizzard," warned Long.

Nevertheless, leaving the rest in camp, Bill and Nick, with a dog team, set out toward the east. About noon, the wind began rising but they did not notice it, as they were eagerly following the tracks of some oxen. These were soon filled with snow, then they decided to turn back for camp. They had to face the wind which had suddenly become stronger. Once more, small particles of snow began flying through the air and cut their faces. The thermometer dropped to forty degrees below, and the wind steadily increased. The snow became so thick they could not see ten feet in any direction.

THE WHITE FIELD OF DEATH.—Continued

Bill walked in front of the dogs to break the trail, while Nick followed the sled. For hours they fought the wind making slow progress, back-breaking the trail for a short time. The terrible cold seemed to chill their very bones; even the dogs had to be whipped unmercifully to face the wind. It seemed as if they would never reach camp. Nick walked as if his legs were stilts and Bill knew that his feet were frozen. A dog finally dropped, and had to be cut out of the harness and thrown upon the sled. He was soon stiff. Nick began staggering and Bill also stumbled now and then. Another dog dropped, then another and another.

The wind bit and sucked about them like a terrible thing. They kept on by sheer force of will, knowing that if they stopped, they signed their own death warrant. Nick hung over the sled barely able to walk. Bill began dreaming of the banquets at college and of the great football games. He saw a house ahead, but suddenly realized that it was not there, that he was dreaming.

Another dog was cut out and the entire outfit thrown away to make travelling easier.

Nick finally fell and could not get up. Bill carried him to a snow drift, and cutting a hole in it, placed him in it, telling him he would soon be back, but doubting if he ever would. A limp handshake and again he set out shouting to the storm "Not yet! Not yet!" Nothing but his will power kept him from giving up and succumbing to that great white death howling mockingly about. Nick's white ghastly face was in his mind, and he could not forget it.

Suddenly, he heard a shout; immediately he became alert. Taking his pistol, he fired it into the air and heard another report to the south. He turned and came into camp. He steadied himself against the tent pole and gasped, "Nick--about 200--paces north--east, keep to-gether." Eagerly he drank a cup of coffee and fell asleep.

A few minutes later, Nick was brought in by Long and Henry, victim of that great white death. The next day, he was buried in that great field of ice and snow that he loved. He was at home at last, gone and perhaps forgotten.

THE WHITE FIELD OF DEATH—Continued

For four more days, the storm raged, and the men were glad to remain beside the fire in their tents. The fifth day was deadly cold, the thermometer registering seventy-five degrees below zero. Bill crawled out of his sleeping bag and walked outside to view the weather. He quickly came in again because of the deadly cold, and said, "No hunting to-day, boys; it's seventy-five degrees below zero. I certainly hope this cold spell doesn't last long."

LONGFELLOW—A POET OF THE NIGHT.

Night is the time from sunset to sunrise. This time is a fascinating time. Many people marvel at the crimson in the sky at sunset, at the clear grey sky in early evening, with its tiny, twinkling stars, at the blackness of the sky at midnight with the moon high and millions of bright stars shining, and at the delicate rose and gray of dawn. Perhaps no American man of letters was so entranced with night as was Longfellow.

"When the bright sunset fills
The silver woods with light, the green slope throws
Its shadows in the hollows of the hills,
And wide the upland grows.

And when the eve is born
In the blue lake the sky, o'er-reaching far,
Is hollowed out, and the moon dips her horn,
And twinkles many a star."

After an hour of play with his children, "between the dark and the daylight, when the night is beginning to lower," he loved to spend the remainder of the day in watching the ever-changing splendor of the sky.

Longfellow's keen observation registered with unusual carefulness the sunset and its beauties in summer.

"It is the sun descending,
Sinking down into the water,
All the sky is stained with purple,
All the water, flushed with crimson."

With the sunset, there came to Longfellow a feeling of the

LONGFELLOW—A POET OF THE NIGHT.—Continued.

significance of the end of a day. This fact is expressed in his lines:

“On the road of life, one mile-stone more!
In the book of life, one leaf turned o’er!
Like a red seal is the setting sun
On the good and evil men have done—
Naught can to-day restore!”

In winter, the sunset brought different thoughts and it was a different kind of a sun that fell slowly below the horizon.

“The day is ending
The night is descending
The marsh is frozen
The river dead.

Through clouds like ashes
The red sun flashes
On village windows
That glimmer red.”

One of Longfellow’s most pleasant thoughts on the end of day is found in “The Day Is Done.”

“The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.”

With the early evening and the change in the sky from purple to a lead gray, Longfellow experienced a feeling of rest, quiet and peace.

“Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.”

And a few minutes after:

“The rising moon has hid the stars;
Her level rays, like golden bars,
Lie on the landscape green,
With shadows brown between.
And silver white the river gleams,
As if Diana in her dreams
Had dropt her silver bow
Upon the meadows low.”

LONGFELLOW—A POET OF THE NIGHT—Continued

But Longfellow says:

"Better than sleep it is to lie awake
O'er canopied by the vast starry dome
Of the immeasurable sky."

The sky at midnight is intensely black and "there is no light in earth or heaven but the cold light of stars." And the moon "glides along the damp mysterious chambers of the air." Longfellow usually found strength and inspiration in things of nature. So did he in the night. The vastness of the dense black of the sky seemed to tell him to aspire, to be strong and upright. Night taught him a big lesson.

"O Holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of care,
And they complain no more.
Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer!
Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,
The Best-beloved Night!"

Perhaps that part of the night that holds one most spellbound is the dawn. Its delicate colors remind one of the beautiful things to be found along life's pathway. It puts vigor and vim into the day's work. Longfellow says:

"Out of the shadows of the night
The world rolls into light;
It is daybreak everywhere."

Such thoughts as

"And forever and forever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes;
The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadow shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here."

give us our claim on him as a "poet of the night."

THE WONDER GIRL

"Brownie, why don't you get out and have a good time like other girls, instead of staying at home reading and sewing so much? Hully Gee, no use in a flower blooming where no-one ever sees it!"

THE WONDER GIRL—Continued

These were Robert Mack's words as he came in one mild winter day and saw his sister cuddled in a comfortable chair in front of the fireplace. She made a beautiful picture as she sat there. Her golden brown hair was artistically arranged, and her dancing brown eyes were especially expressive as she looked up, for she had been living in her story. But her bright eyes suddenly grew dull as she came back to earth upon hearing Bob's voice. Brownie's timidity and self consciousness had played havoc with the good times she might have had. No one sought her companionship. She took walks alone, took long drives alone, and every one was under the impression that she enjoyed solitude.

However Bob's actions on this particular day aroused Brownie. He threw off his hat and coat, walked over and planted himself in a chair directly opposite her, as if determined to get to the root of her trouble.

"What's the matter, Sis, have you lost all power of speech? You should be with the bunch of girls I met who were going for a hike along the river. Weather's fine for just such sport. Why don't you ever--?"

"Oh, Bob, please don't! You know I do crave good times as much as anybody but you also know that I'm not—I mean I haven't the—, well, I just simply can't get in with the girls, I guess happiness was never meant for me".

"Hm! You talk as though you were rattle-brained. Get that stuff out of your head this very minute. Now see here, from now on you're going to get out among 'em. To begin with you're going with me to the class dance tomorrow night. Now, that's settled. By the way, I'm supposed to call Bill up."

"But, Bob, I--". Her words were useless for her persistent brother had dashed out of the room like a flash, not waiting for any protests which he knew were sure to come.

Brownie settled back in her chair and thought 'How could she go to that dance. She had never been invited to any of the r parties' so how could she break in now? What would they think of her? Dozens of questions and thoughts whirled through her mind and then— as if by magic she jumped up saying, "I am going." Why shouldn't I?

THE WONDER GIRL—Continued

This decision spurred her to immediate action and she flew out of the room and up the stairs. She was going to make the necessary preparations.

Everything was lovely, until Bob came home from play practice that night. He wore a troubled look and seemed to be deep in thought.

"What do you suppose has happened now Brownie? We're in an awful fix. You know Orine is the leading lady in the play and now she is very ill. And just think, only two weeks before it is to be given. The worst of it is they can't think of another person who could play the part."

"That is too bad," sympathized Brownie. "Don't they think she might be well by that time?"

"No chance, she couldn't possibly go on with it by that time, and it simply has to be given that night. Shoot! why should I worry so about it?" And he went to his room without another word.

Everybody was ready for the dance the next night. Even Brownie had not changed her mind about going. She wore a gown of the most becoming shade of blue, and was in high spirits until she entered the dance hall. Fear seemed to overcome her, although there was no reason for this as she was acquainted with all those present since they all belonged in her class. Some spoke to her politely, others hardly noticed her, and no one stopped to talk to her. The first few minutes seemed an eternity. Would it be like that all evening? She thought she would surely go mad when suddenly Mary Ruth, the one girl she call her friend, turned around and saw her.

"Why Brownie Mack, how glad I am to see you," she exclaimed as she approached her. "Why didn't you tell me you were coming? Have you been here long?"

"Here's your program, Sis," interrupted Bob.

She gave a sigh of delight as she discovered to her surprise that it was full. This to-gether with Mary Ruth's kindness toward her made her spirits rise again.

As the evening wore on, she seemed to become less self-conscious until finally her manner was free and easy. Different ones began to realize that she was really charming, and no one could deny that she was beautiful. A few still

THE WONDER GIRL—Continued

gnored her presence but most of them were won by her wonderful personality which she had always longed to develop.

"Bob, you don't know how I've enjoyed myself to-night," said Brownie on their way home. "I didn't suppose I could ever have such a good time."

"And I've enjoyed myself even more than you have, what do you suppose they are thinking of doing? It's this plain and simple: most of them think you are just the person to take Orine's part in the play. Why they say you are made for that part. Only two more weeks left but you can do it."

This was almost too much for her. She had never, in all her wild dreams, hoped for such honors. She knew it meant a lot of hard work at that late date but she consented to take the part. She did very well with her part at the rehearsals until the last one and then she failed completely. What would she do? Everybody was desperate and Brownie herself wanted to run away. But no, she would go through with it now, there was no other way out.

The eventful night was at hand; Orine had nearly recovered and was able to attend. She was back of the scenes during the play and then it chanced that Brownie heard her remark, "Is that the best you could do for such an important part? I greatly fear the consequences." This little spear of sarcasm didn't make Brownie feel any too comfortable. How would it come out? The suspense was awful. However the first act went off perfectly. She was in the height of her glory for she was told that no one could have done better. The second act was equally good. She felt Orine's eagle eyes upon her constantly and again caught a sneering remark from her, "Well, it might have been worse, but that last scene requires some mighty clever acting, I'm anxious to see it."

Again the curtain went up. Each one was playing his part with perfect ease, when lo! One of the girls, who played a minor part, though important to the plot, fainted, just three minutes before she was due to appear on the scene. What could they do? They absolutely could not go on without that part. Brownie happened to glance at Orine, whose eyes were beaming, as a sneering smile played about

THE WONDER GIRL.—Continued.

her lips. That was too much for her. Would she let Orine see her fail? Never!

"It must go through now. Give me her wig and costume quick. I think I can manage it. Hurry or it's a failure!"

Without a minute to spare but at just the proper time she appeared. Without faltering, she went through the part so well that no one was the wiser.

In the meantime those back of the scenes were in an uproar. What was to become of her own part? Confusion reigned! All hope was gone! Failure was sure to result! Just at that instant, Brownie came rushing back, quickly made the change for her own important role, and almost before they knew what was happening, she appeared on the stage and worked out the climax beyond the expectation of any one present. The curtain went down, the day had been saved, and Brownie sank exhausted into the nearest chair. In a flash she was surrounded. Praises were rained upon her in torrents.

"Brownie, you're the Eighth Wonder of the World," exclaimed Rob as he came up glowing with pride and when they were at home, he continued to sing her praises.

"Bob, words fail me. I hardly knew what I was doing, but I knew it meant failure for me if I didn't do it. This has been my Red Letter Day I know, and I owe it all to you."

"Oh, no you don't. You have always possessed the faculties which led to your success to-night, but no one knew it, for they have been rusty simply because you have never before made use of them."



VALEDICTORY.

Friends and Fellow Students:

Commencement night is here and the long anticipated evening is nearly over. As we leave high school we reflect on the past years of school and their purpose. We are wondering to-night how we shall make good in that world we are going out into with such optimistic and at the same time doubtful feelings.

These feelings are optimistic because American youth is naturally so. They are doubtful because we realize the responsibility of doing our share to bring the world safely through these restless times.

As we look out over the world we see great things being done, great conquests of nature by man and machinery. What is the force that enables inventors and executives to do these wonderful things?

The catchword of the world of today is efficiency. Books, magazines and newspapers are filled with articles concerning it. All our school preparation has been with the purpose of making us efficient not only in securing a living but in making our lives of some account in helping others.

Efficiency! What is this word we hear so much about, this prescription for success used by so many successful men? Webster says efficiency is the power of productive, efficacious action, that is, action that produces the greatest results with the least effort.

Efficiency, or rather the layman's conception of it, is that it is a form of laziness. It is something like the Indian when he first saw a man riding a bicycle "Huh!" said the Indian, "White man heap lazy. Sit down to walk." Yet many people misunderstand efforts for efficiency and think they are laziness.

Elevators, typewriters, sewing machines, cotton gins, reapers, and threshing machines were invented by men whom their comrades probably thought lazy. Edison's early inventions were considered the lazy man's expedients by many. This point was illustrated recently in a magazine story of a man really lazy. Through realizing the uselessness of so much book-keeping in banks he invented a check

VALEDICTORY—Continued

by which all monthly bills could be paid by one dash of the pen. This was what might be termed a fatal case of efficiency.

As opposed to the exaggerated efficiency of the man who invented the combination check is the man pictured in one of Mark Twain's stories. It was something like this: In a small town in Arkansas was a man who had a leaky roof on his house. One of his neighbors asked him one day when it rained, why he didn't mend the roof.

"Wall" he said, "When it's rainin' I jest naturally cain't and when it ain't rainin' I don't need to."

Rare as the kind of inefficiency is that was just pictured, still there is much room for improvement. Mr. Brandeis says "The American railways lose a billion dollars a year by inefficiency." If you should ask the average American if we are inefficient he would answer "No!" but it seems doubtful. Our farming, mining, lumbering, and industrial methods are much less efficient than those of Europe. The present inefficiency of our government is also well known.

What efficiency has done and can do—there's the problem that confronts us. Hoover's methods during the war demonstrate this. He accomplished a task by using scientific efficiency that all Europe said was impossible. By efficiency he beat the German's at their own game when he fed the Belgians by voluntary contributions of men and provisions. Because he did that job efficiently America called him back to regulate our food supply. And thanks to his training in efficiency in Belgium and China before that, he did what was needed. The foreign countries never would have seen the efficiency, the basic justice, of regulating food consumption by public opinion and appeals to patriotism. He saw the inefficiency of autocratic laws in regulating the food supply.

Luther Burbank's developments in plant improvement are nothing more or less than efforts to raise more with less effort and expense, which is scientific efficiency.

The modern tendency in education is toward efficiency. It is to get men to educate themselves for positions they are fitted for by nature; to get the artist to study art, the electri-

VALEDICTORY—Continued

cian to study electricity, and not as in the past to try to make the minister into an inventor, and the inventor into a lawyer, in short to put no square pegs in round holes.

Before going any farther let me explain more fully what efficiency means. It does not mean hard work or strenuousness for that is only an aid to real efficiency. It does not mean simply attention to details because the executive who spends his time on details is not efficient. It does not mean getting great quantities of goods or money by expending little time or effort. It means this-- accomplishing the most with the least effort but with thoroughness and without forgetting quality and the finer things of life.

What is the future of this great force? If efficiency is rightly applied by all classes of men there is no need for physical suffering in the world, no need for anyone to require charity. It sounds doubtful but American ability can do it. When our industrial system is organized rightly and everyone takes his part it will be so efficient that no man can be anything but comfortable. The standard of living has been raised to a much higher level already than it was thought possible a few years ago. With all its natural resources, man power and brains with the help of efficiency America can do this for the world.

The inventions of Edison, Burbank, Marconi, Bell and countless others show what can be done. It is for us to finish the job. We have reason to hope that in time, enough kinds of machinery will be invented so that man will spend less than half the time in making a living that he now does and will be able to spend the rest on the higher things of life, religion, painting, music, sculpture, and service to mankind; that men will so adjust themselves that there will be no reason for crime, wickedness, divorce and injustice; that all men will be quality—efficiency workers more like Lincoln and Roosevelt, not slaves to their own selfishness and greed for they will have no excuse for greed. The first step toward realizing these things right here is a study of citizenship which means living efficiently with your neighbors; all forms of welfare work, and missionary effort; and above all encouragement of invention, not only of machinery, but of efficiency methods for doing every-

VALEDICTORY—Continued

thing. For the man who can do these things there is unlimited glory, for as Emerson said "If a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon or make a better mousetrap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a path to his door."

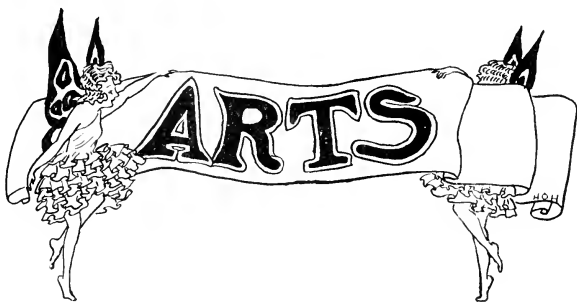
With the thoughts in mind we ask as you receive us tonight that you will help us to make real our hopes and worthiest ideals for a better world.

We of the class of '20 now bid farewell to our teachers who have been so kind and helpful, to our classmates who have made life a joy and to the old high with the hope that it will be even more beneficial to future classes than it has been to us.

THE FAIRY SONG.

Waving grasses tossed by breeze
Are the fairies' only trees,
There they sing and play so gaily
While we mortals plod on daily,
Fairies do just as they please.
Flitting, tripping very gaily
In the grasses tossed by breeze.

Listen children, have you heard
What the fairies told the bird
There among the dewdrops sparkling
With the shadows round them darkning,
They beguiled him from his nest
Told him how to sing so sweetly
Then they took him home to rest.



MISS CHERRYBLOSSOM

Carlyle has said,"the present is the living sum-total of the whole past."Under no circumstances could this quotation be truer than with relationship to the operetta of 1920.

Playing to a crowd which packed the spacious coliseum,"Miss Cherryblossom"fastened itself in the hearts of all who saw it as a brilliant success.

The cast was exceptionally good, and each member was well selected for his part. Clad in the most exquisite of costumes, and set in gorgeous Japanese scenery, the mental picture will be long retained by the spectators.

Taken as a whole, "Miss Cherryblossom" was considered to be the best production turned out by the S. F. H. S.

But the brilliancy and glamour of the present cannot overshadow the efforts of the past. With a united school behind it, and good feeling on all sides, the operetta was a model result of cooperation and united endeavor.

Under the efficient and patient direction of W. Herbert Roberts of the high school musical department, a cast and choruses numbering about two hundred were "whipped into shape."

The costumes and setting, which were the result of very capable endeavor by the art and sewing departments were remarkably appropriate and added materially to the production.

MISS CHERRYBLOSSOM—Continued

Too much credit can not be given the members of the orchestra for their diligent work in the entertainment.

Through the constant toil of these different individuals and organizations, the operetta resulted in the success it was.

Financially, the operetta as a permanent institution has proved its true worth. The proceeds go to a very important cause, the athletic association.



OUR ORCHESTRA

We are very proud of our high school orchestra, which is so ably directed by Miss Marie Thoohey. To its attentive audiences it plays anything from well rendered "jazz" to not quite so well rendered classics.

It is playing also in our operetta "Miss. Cherry Blossom" and gives it just the right finish.

The orchestra consists of seven violins, four of which are first violins, four cornets, two clarinets, a 'cello, a french horn, and a full set of drums. These are accompanied by an able pianist.

We can justly say that the orchestra is a very important part of school life and activity.



FACULTY QUARTET.

Professors Caruso, De Luca, McCormack and De Gogorzas, better known as Prof. Roberts, Prof. Bratt, Prof. Stevenson, and Prof. Mahre compose the personnel of the noted faculty quartet. Their entertainments are always greatly enjoyed by the student body especially their classical rendering of "Polly Wolly Doodle All the Day."

THE ART DEPARTMENT

The art department, under the supervision of Miss M. Carolyn Gillette, is one of the most popular and necessary departments in the Sioux Falls High School. That it is popular is very evident for nearly everyone in high school who can draw a straight or crooked line or can tell red from green wants to take art.

Three courses are offered: poster art, costume design and normal art. The poster class, however, is by far the largest.

Its necessity is shown by its many and varied uses. Whenever the athletic association wants some advertising they come to the art department to have posters made for the next football game or basketball game, whichever it may be. If there is to be a party or dance in the gym, of course there must be posters for those. But the most important task of all and the one which proves its true worth is that which falls to the art department near the end of the school year. This is the operetta.

The costumes for the entire company are planned in the costume designing department. The normal art classes usually make part of the decorations for the stage, paper flowers and so on, and the poster class does its share of the advertising. Since each operetta given has proved a splendid success it is evident that the art department has not failed in its part. Besides this, the art department is always ready and willing to help out in whatever it can with little odd jobs either for the school or charitable purposes.



DEBATING

At the beginning of the season there were more trying out for debating than usual, but after a short time basketball and other activities which seemed less laborious and more interesting took away many would-be debaters. The reason for this probably is that so few students realize the true value of this subject but think of it only as a study where one must work incessantly and in the end receive very little benefit therefrom. Most students shun this subject because they fear an audience or are at least timid about appearing before one. Of course, this is only natural, but that is exactly what this course does away with. Not only does it give one self-confidence and mental discipline, but also eloquence, and offers the opportunity for studying current events, history, politics and science, and helps to keep the mind alert on all important events.

Notwithstanding the fact that some students dropped out, there were eight debaters left to enter the State League. The question was concerning the advisability of admitting the Japanese and Chinese into the United States on the same basis as European immigrants. The first debate, which was held in February, was a triangular debate with Fulton and Mitchell. Our affirmative team defeated Fulton at Sioux Falls and the negative trio won from the Mitchell affirmative team at Mitchell. In the next series of debates, we debated Bridgewater and Valley Springs. Our negative team lost to the Valley Springs trio at Valley Springs while

DEBATING—Continued

the affirmative won from Bridgewater. There are now, as this goes to press, only three teams (Alexandria, Valley Springs and Sioux Falls) left in this district, so we have a fairly good chance for the district championship, and perhaps state honors.

Allan Tremere, Melville Hopewell, Fredrick Lommen, Phila Humphreys and Thomas Fiske worked on the negative, and in these first few debates Allan Tremere, Melville Hopewell and Thomas Fiske have represented the negative. Louise Mundt, Opal Lenoard and Dean Mc Sloy composed the affirmative team.

In April, two teams chosen from the beginning debating classes debate Mankato. Thus the beginning classes are gaining experience and so the next year's team will not be totally inexperienced.

As there were no experienced debaters on the team this year, the success of the season must be attributed in no small degree to the extraordinary ability of our coach, Mr. Brumbaugh.

DECLAMATION AND ORATORY

Our modern high school offers many opportunities for the student who is alert to them. Only one of the avenues open for the development of personality in Washington High School is that of declamation and oratory. Many have been interested in this work each year, and the past few years have been very successful along these lines.

We first reached our goal in the year 1918 when Alex Reid won the state oratorical contest and Katherine Moore was placed third in declamation. In 1919, Dean McSloy of the class of '20, was ranked second in the state in oratory.

Plans for the contest in April 1920 have been entered into enthusiastically and all indications point toward complete success.

DOMESTIC ARTS

The cooking and sewing department are, for girls, a very important part of the high school course, for they teach the true place of sewing and cooking in a girl's life and give her innumerable practical suggestions which will help her the rest of her life. Perhaps she will not realize how valuable these studies are, until she becomes interested in them.

In the cooking department, the first semester, the students take recipes, prepare one or two dishes each day, discuss the best way to do things and figure the cost of each dish. They also learn how to lay a table properly, and to place a well-balanced menu for a family dinner, informal dinner or formal dinner. In the second semester, the girls cook two days in the week, one day preparing a few dishes for the lunch room. The rest of the week, they take up the study of Household Chemistry and are taught the classes of foods and how to plan a well-balanced meal. All cuts of meat are studied and the best way to prepare each cut. Beneficial trips to the meat markets, and the packing plant are also included in this course.

Every noon, the lunch room provides hot lunches at a minimum price for those who cannot reach home, and it is especially convenient and popular on stormy and cold days.

If the football boys want a banquet, the cooking department will plan one, prepare it and serve it; if the five minute divisions want cake for a "feed," the cooking girls make them one and if there is a class party, the cooking department prepares the "eats." In fact, this department is a very live factor in the high school.

Every girl should take sewing for she will learn practical, sensible things that will always be a benefit to her. Cutting patterns and laying patterns are things every girl should know as well as the different seams and stitches. Easy things such as bungalow aprons, fudge aprons and underwear are made at first, but in the second semester, the student will feel able to attempt, under the guidance of her teacher, more complicated things such as dresses for a baby sister, and even for herself. After a few semesters the girls can make anything they want or need. Many girls

DOMESTIC ARTS—Continued.

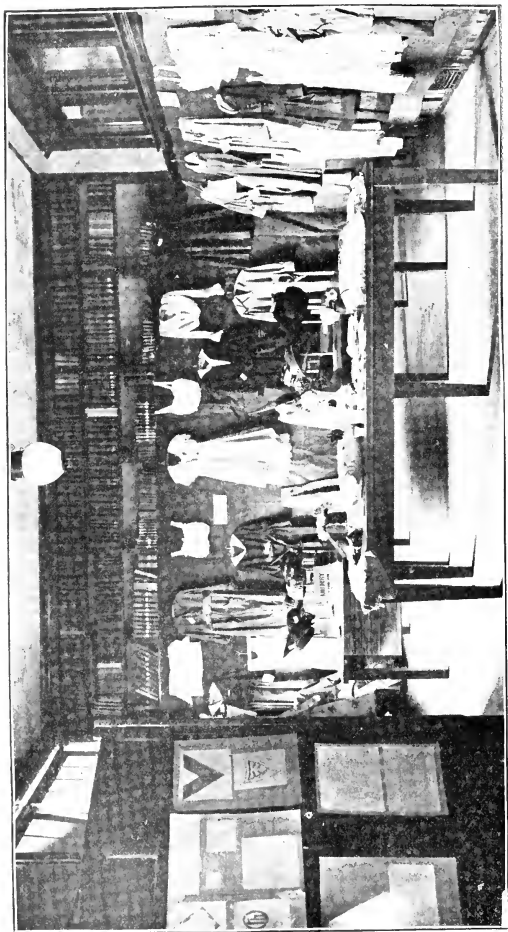


Exhibit of Domestic Art Work.

DOMESTIC ARTS—Continued.

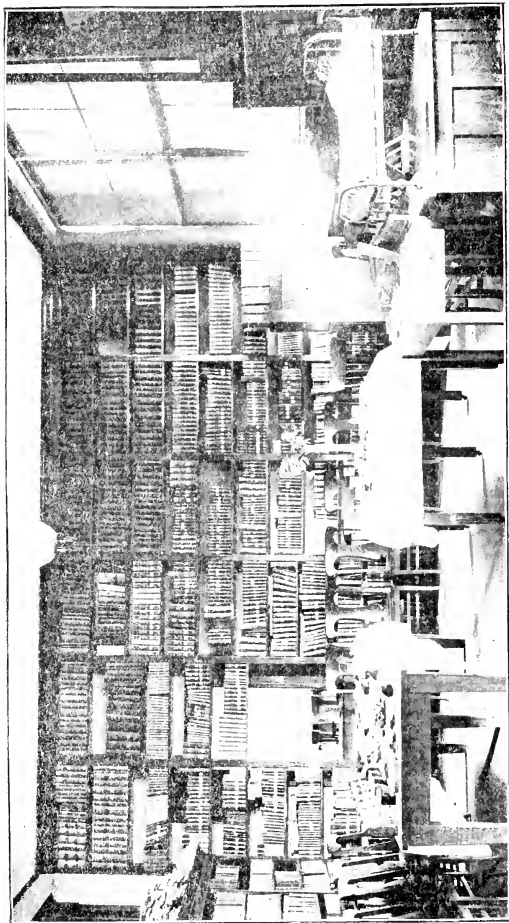


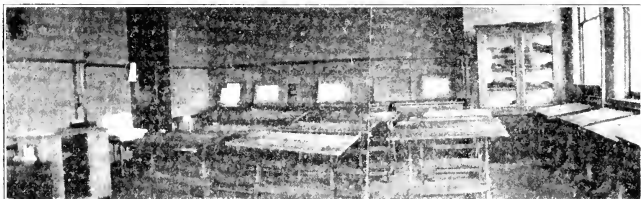
Exhibit of Domestic Art Work.

DOMESTIC ARTS—Continued

make all their dresses in the sewing classes and have more and prettier clothes at a much cheaper price because they make them themselves and thus save the cost of a dress maker or of ready-made clothes. Hat making and hat trimming are also encouraged. The girls may make new hats, retrim old ones or cover hat frames and in this way have two or three hats for the price of one purchased in the shops.

Every spring, the girls who are in the operetta make their costumes in the sewing class under the directions of the sewing teacher and with the help of the costume designing class.

In considering the studies in a high school course, sewing and cooking should never be overlooked for they will be a benefit to every girl throughout her life, no matter where she is or what she does.



THE MANUAL TRAINING DEPARTMENT

One of the important sections of our school is the manual training department. It has always been very attractive to the boys who are mechanically inclined or who intend to take up an engineering course at some university.

The department is made up of two branches, shop work and the mechanical drawing, which are usually alternated, that is, mechanical drawing one semester, and shop the next. In this way, the pupils learn to make things from drawings and to draw things to be made.

The first semester of shop is cabinet making, in which the important joints are the exercise for the first few weeks. When these are completed small pieces of furniture are

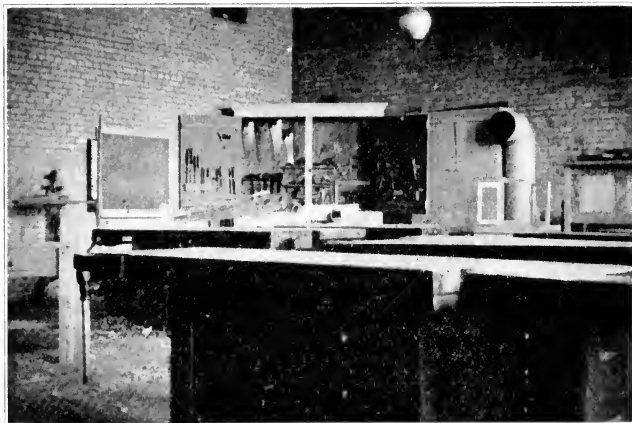
MANUAL TRAINING—Continued

made, such as foot stools and taborets. The next semester is turning, in which the pupil is taught to handle the lathe. The following semester is pattern making, that is, wood patterns for castings. Forge-work is taken up next in which the pupil is taught to work with metals. Casting may be taken up as post-graduate work.

Some do not follow this regular course but keep on with cabinet making and many fine pieces of furniture are the result.

The first semester of mechanical drawing consists of geometric exercises and small working drawings. Next solid geometric drawing is taken up. After this a student may follow either architectural or mechanical work, having had the fundamentals of drawing the previous semesters.

Many pupils from this strong course have made good at architectural engineering schools and are reflecting honor upon Sioux Falls High School by their position in the business world.



MANUAL TRAINING—Continued

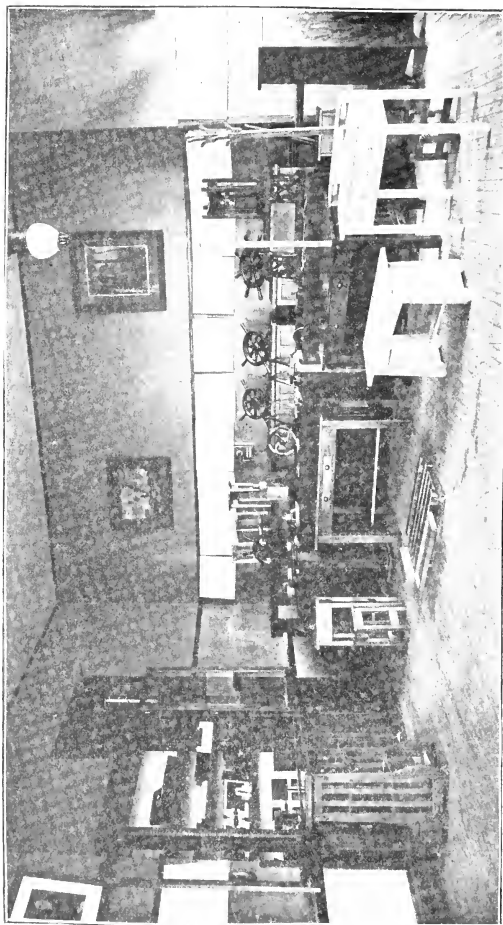


Exhibit of Manual Training Department.

THE PRINTING DEPARTMENT

Printing when first taken up seems rather difficult, and it is hard to remember just what is a galley, a stick, a chase, a lead, or a piece of furniture, but these soon become familiar. When the technical terms are once learned a part of the beginner's troubles are over. But this is not all. Success in printing requires a good knowledge of grammar, construction, punctuation, spelling and mathematics. The foundation stone of printing is mathematics, and a complete study of the point system, by which all type matter is set up. Printing also requires patience, knowledge of harmony, taste and ingenuity because it is perhaps the most exacting of occupations.

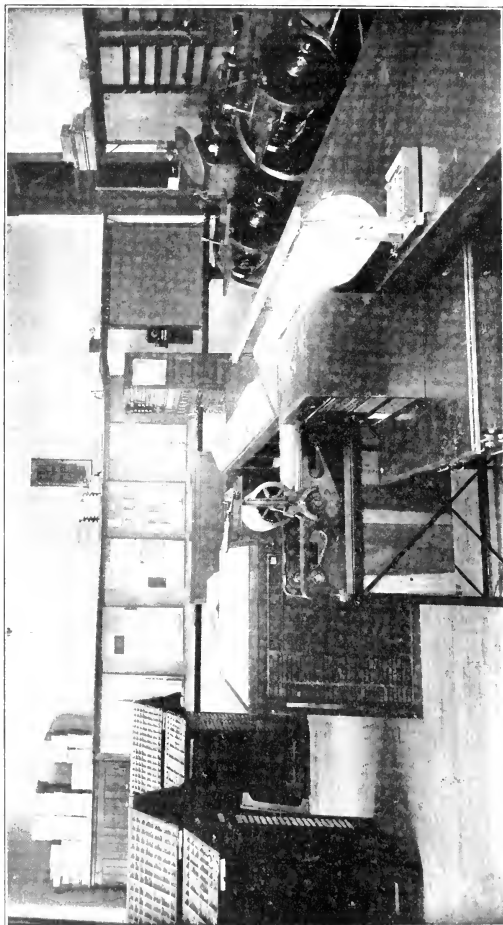
In this department one becomes acquainted with most of the high school activities. Practically all of the printing required throughout the school system is done in the high school plant. This very annual which you are reading is a product of the printing department.

The little programs for the First Annual Senior Prom were also made here. The mahogany brown cover with the high school monogram embossed in gold made it artistic and attractive. The inside pages had a little tan border, and a stamp of the class ring of 1920 at the top of each page.

Besides the annual, the high school magazine, requisition blanks, outlines, courses of study, programs of classes, concert programs, tickets and advertisements for the athletic association are printed in this plant.

The printing department, since its establishment under the direction of W. Herbert Roberts in 1916 has proved its ever increasing value to the students and the school as a whole. Although not an integral part of any one course, printing correlates closely with all courses and is indispensable to all school activities.

PRINTING DEPARTMENT—Continued



South East Corner of Printing Department

ATHLETICS

A decorative banner with the word "ATHLETICS" in a bold, serif font. Two stylized figures, possibly representing athletes or deities, are shown holding the ends of the banner. The figure on the left is in a dynamic pose, leaning forward, while the figure on the right is also in a dynamic pose, leaning back.



HOWARD WOOD

Purdue U.

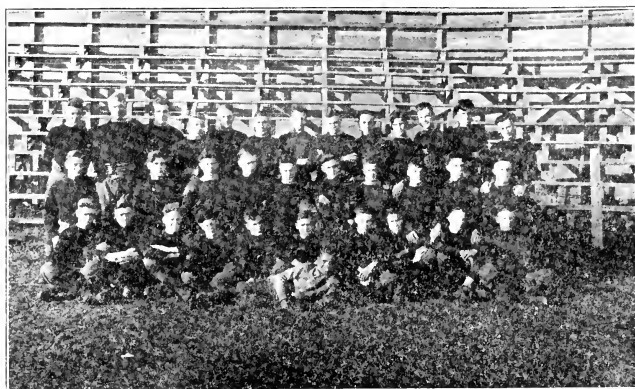
Harvard U.

New York State Normal,
Physical Director.

W. H. S. 1908-1913. 1915-

"Coach Wood," as he is known to athletes and students alike, has been turning out good teams for our high school since 1908, except the two years when he was at the Agricultural College of North Dakota. During his entire athletic career, football has been his hobby and his idea has been to turn out good football teams. However, the extent of his ability does not end with football. He has turned out several efficient basketball and track teams, as the banners and cups in our assembly verify.

Coach Wood is well liked by all the fellows and this accounts for the way they play in the face of overwhelming odds. As a little token of their esteem and liking for him after the monogram sweaters had been presented, the squad of 1919 presented him with a gold fountain pen. All the men who played for Sioux Falls in 1919-20 will remember him for what he has done for them and the school.



THE 1919 FOOTBALL SEASON

The 1919-1920 school year was designated by the student council as Victory Year. And it has lived up to its title, the football season being no exception to the rule. When Coach Wood called for football material, soon after school started, between sixty and seventy recruits reported for practice. It seemed very likely that a team could be picked from this bunch. There were only a few experienced men about which to build a football machine but everybody worked hard and it was very hard to pick out the probable members of the team.

The season started with the game with Rock Rapids. The team won every state game played but one, that with Flandreau, which was lost on a fluke. Sioux Falls had the best claim of any team for State Championship. By defeating the strong Mitchell and Huron teams who had put Flandreau and Brookings out of the running, Sioux Falls had as good or better claim than Madison, her only rival, for the honor. Out of ten games played Sioux Falls won five making the percentage five hundred but she deserved more than this.

THE 1919 FOOTBALL SEASON—Continued

Taking into account that the majority of the 1919 squad were playing football for the first time, that Captain Rennie was out of two important games on account of illness, and that various players were hindered by injuries, the 1919 football season was a very successful one. The following members of the squad won monogram sweaters:

| | |
|--------------------------|------------------|
| Orville Rennie (Captain) | Schuyler Charlin |
| (X) Henry Hartwell | Chester Nilsson |
| (X) Newell Andrews | Carl Meyer |
| Harry McFry | Lloyd Whaley |
| Roy Longstraat | Dalford Thomas |
| James Ashley | Pierce McDowell |
| George Cooley | Everett Jones |

The following members won service sweaters in recognition of their faithful service throughout the season:

| | |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| (X) Robert Dott | William Green |
| Bob Moore | Herbert Donaldson |
| Elmer McDowell | Peter Iverson |
| Leigh Early | John Schirmer |
| Kenneth Wyman | Byron Harris |
| (X) Don Jessup | Donald Jones |
| (X) Reuben Larson | (X) Lloyd Peterson |
| Orville McLellan | |

Those marked (X) in the above list are members of the class of '20. These men who helped to win glory for Sioux Falls High will remember the 1919 football season as one of the best times of their lives and will always think of each other as Captain Rennie thinks of all of them, as a fine bunch of fighters, every one a good sport.

DON JESSUP

DON JESSUP, usually called Jessup for short by the football men, was a faithful worker at center and guard. Lack of experience was the only thing that kept him from holding his position on the eleven continuously. It is unfortunate that the team cannot have him another year and give him a better chance to make his monogram. The football squad will remember Don for his work in practice for "scrimmage" was his middle name.

THE 1919 FOOTBALL SEASON—Continued

REUBEN LARSON

"Rube" Larson held down the center position in the first three games. In the Flandreau game he wrenched his arm in such a way that he was out of football for the rest of the season. Rube was a good center, a peppy fighter, and always on the job until the last dog was hung. Although his accident cheated him out of the monogram he deserved, he will always be remembered by the team and the class as a good sport, which is something more enduring than a monogram.

ROBERT DOTT.

"Bob" Dott, a faithful worker and always on the square, was also prevented from making a monogram by inexperience and injuries. He held down his position at guard in a way that was hard to improve on. Dott's loss will surely be felt in the 1920 lineup. The class of '20 will remember him more on account of basket ball, but in all three, foot ball, basket ball, and the class room he was equally faithful and self-reliant.

HENRY HARTWELL.

"Hank" Hartwell thought he was only a basket ball player before the 1919 football season, but his football playing was even better than his basket ball. He was one of the fastest half-backs of the orange and black team and whenever necessary could shift into quarter-back. The team always kept going at high gear urged on by his pep and his snappy signals which were out of his mouth almost before he was on his feet after a scrimmage. Hank was a good passer, a good runner, and a sure tackler. The fellows all like Hank and wish he had another year at football but the class of '20 is surely proud to have him one of them.

NEWELL ANDREWS

Andrews though new at the game like the rest of the squad, at the beginning of the season, played like a veteran. He played sometimes at guard and sometimes at tackle. When playing at either of these positions he helped the center at his job too. In the Huron game he intercepted several passes over the line that would have meant large gains for Huron. His playing was good but his talking was better. During a game he always helped keep the team

THE 1919 FOOTBALL SEASON—Continued

spirit up by his yells and sarcasm. The team will remember him as one of its monogram men who always played square and was an all around good fellow.

LLOYD PETERSON

"Pete" Peterson, sometimes called "Fat", was a new hand at football this year. He showed up good in his position of guard, and with a little previous experience it is doubtless that he would have received a monogram. In a scrimmage he was always on deck, and fought like a veteran. He played in three games and showed up well. The team's memories of him will be that he was always a hard worker and a good sport.

ROCK RAPIDS, 21: SIOUX FALLS, 14.

After about three weeks of practice on the afternoon of September 27, Sioux Falls lined up against the strong Rock Rapids team. Our team was over-confident and in the first few minutes of play a sprinter from Rock Rapids slipped down the side line for a touchdown. This discouraged the boys and although they fought like tigers the rest of the game it seems that they couldn't shake the jinx and the final score stood 21 to 14 against them.

YANKTON, 0: SIOUX FALLS, 32.

In the second game of their schedule the orange and black began to show their real form. A hard battle was expected and the team was not too confident. Yankton put up a hard but steadily losing fight and never was within striking distance of our goal. This game showed the real playing ability of the team and proved that Sioux Falls could still play football even if Rock Rapids did score one touchdown too many. The top heavy score was sweet revenge for some of the beatings and low scores handed us by Yankton in former years.

FLANDREAU, 19: SIOUX FALLS, 6:

On the 11th of October, the fast (?) Flandreau team came to Sioux Falls determined to mop up the ground with us. Well they didn't mop very much, but for one reason only, Sioux Falls' hard luck, they went home with the big end of the score. Just as Sioux Falls was pushing a touchdown over the line the ball slipped out of the half-back's

THE 1919 FOOTBALL SEASON—Continued

arms and Flandreau, who had picked it up, scored a touchdown almost before half its own team knew what had happened. The other two touchdowns were made in the same way—after fumbles. Sioux Falls' lone touchdown was made in straight football. Every unprejudiced witness of the game knew that Sioux Falls deserved to win.

VERMILLION, 3: SIOUX FALLS, 38.

On October 17 the Vermillion team came down expecting to take home a score similar to Flandreau but in this they were disappointed. Spirit was running high and a big pep meeting held in the Assembly helped our team to victory. The game was very one sided and our goal was never in danger except once when they approached close enough to kick a goal scoring their lonesome three points.

SIOUX CITY, 19: SIOUX FALLS, 0.

One week after the Vermillion game the Sioux from down the river came up for a game. Sioux Falls was entirely unprepared for the encounter, three of its best men being out of the game on account of injuries. This weakened our defense and in spite of the hard fighting of those who did play Sioux City shoved over three touch downs. Nevertheless it was an honorable defeat and Sioux City did not think it was an easy game nor did the spectators lose one bit of their respect for the Sioux Falls team.

MITCHELL, 0: SIOUX FALLS, 6.

We knew before it was played that the Mitchell game would be no walk-away whichever team was victorious. The game was one of the best and hardest fought ever seen on our field. The only thing that kept it from being a tie was a fumble by Mitchell which was picked up by one of our fast backs and a touchdown scored. This game was one of those which gave Sioux Falls its claim to the championship.

WATERTOWN, 0: SIOUX FALLS, 47.

Before the Watertown game various rumors were floating around Sioux Falls concerning the up river boys' wonderful forward-passing, but the game failed to show any of this. It was the most one sided game seen on the athletic field for a long time and the Sioux Falls goal was never in danger.



THE 1919 FOOTBALL SEASON—Continued

Even when practically all second string men were in, Sioux Falls held Watertown to zero and even scored a safety against them.

Watertown picked up the ball after the final whistle had blown and tried to score a touchdown but alas it was too late.

HURON, 0: SIOUX FALLS, 6.

On account of a heavy snow Huron cancelled the game with Sioux Falls but as our field was clear, Huron was asked to come down on Saturday, November 15. This game was very similar to the Mitchell game except that the field was muddy in spots and soon the players were carrying around quite a little real estate.

Our team was handicapped by the illness of Captain Rennie. Upon Newell Andrews fell the responsibility of filling his place and Herb Donaldson filled Andrew's shoes in a very creditable manner. McDowell's defense was the best exhibited on the local field for a number of years.

It looked very much like a tie until by the clever use of the crisscross, Dalford Thomas went across for the winning touch down. Huron put up a stiff fight and we were not sure of victory until the last play had been made. This game gave us our best claim to the championship.

OMAHA, 72: SIOUX FALLS, 0.

Sioux Falls was due in Omaha at 7:30 A. M. November 22, but arrived there at 11:30 and had a combined breakfast and lunch at 12:30. This was our first and only out-of-town trip and our fellows therefore had no previous experience on a foreign field, which gave Omaha a great advantage over us. The first two sets of officials agreed upon for the game failed to appear, so a third set was chosen. These proved to be very inefficient and on this account Sioux Falls was prevented from making at least two touch downs.

ST. PAUL MECHANIC ARTS, 12: SIOUX FALLS, 0.

On Thanksgiving day on a field covered with several inches of snow the orange and black met the strong St. Paul Mechanic Arts Team. The game was full of fumbles and the players were covered with snow. It was the first Thanksgiving game ever lost by Sioux Falls but it was an honorable defeat, because they fought like lions in the face of overwhelming odds.



BASKET BALL 1919-20

The Basket Ball season of 1919-20 was a successful one. The "Orange and Black" quintet won nineteen of the twenty-four games counting 583 points to their opponents 442.

The season started with great success, the team winning six straight victories. Their winning streak however, was halted by the fast Elkton five, who succeeded in defeating Captain Leavitt and his team-mates, a few days after their return from a three days successful trip to Cherokee, Sioux City and Yankton.

In the District Tournament the "Orange and Black" succeeded in winning the championship after some hard fought games.

Coach Wood's aggregation participated in the State Tournament at Huron for the first time in three years. Here they met with disaster, being defeated in their first game by the fast Madison bunch.

BASKET BALL—Continued

The scores for the season's games were as follows:

| | | | |
|-------------|----|--------------------|----|
| Sioux Falls | 53 | Irene | 17 |
| Sioux Falls | 32 | Yankton | 15 |
| Sioux Falls | 24 | Madison | 13 |
| Sioux Falls | 30 | Cherokee | 13 |
| Sioux Falls | 24 | Sioux City | 16 |
| Sioux Falls | 18 | Yankton | 10 |
| Sioux Falls | 17 | Elkton | 43 |
| Sioux Falls | 29 | Madison | 22 |
| Sioux Falls | 27 | Salem | 14 |
| Sioux Falls | 32 | Rock Rapids | 6 |
| Sioux Falls | 16 | Sioux City | 38 |
| Sioux Falls | 23 | Mitchell | 22 |
| Sioux Falls | 27 | Salem | 18 |
| Sioux Falls | 26 | Marion | 20 |
| Sioux Falls | 25 | Canton | 16 |
| Sioux Falls | 17 | Madison | 30 |
| Sioux Falls | 34 | Nettleton | 10 |
| Sioux Falls | 21 | Elks | 15 |
| Sioux Falls | 22 | S. F. B. C. | 10 |
| Sioux Falls | 28 | Maroons | 26 |
| Sioux Falls | 16 | Baracas | 31 |
| Sioux Falls | 1 | Legion (forfeited) | 0 |
| Sioux Falls | 33 | S. F. College | 28 |
| Sioux Falls | 17 | Baracas | 15 |

Games Played—24. Games Won—19.

Total points S. F.—583 Opponents—442

BASKET BALL—Continued

ROBERT DOTT

"Dott"

Standing Guard

Dott was one of the best standing guards Sioux Falls has had in some years.

His guarding was unbeatable largely on account of his good judgment, and cooperation with the running guard.

He won and deserved a monogram.



HENRY HARTWELL

"Hank"

Left Forward

"Hank" was a valuable man to the team; he played a steady, hard game; his ability to cage the long ones proved a big help in many games. He won his monogram by real work.

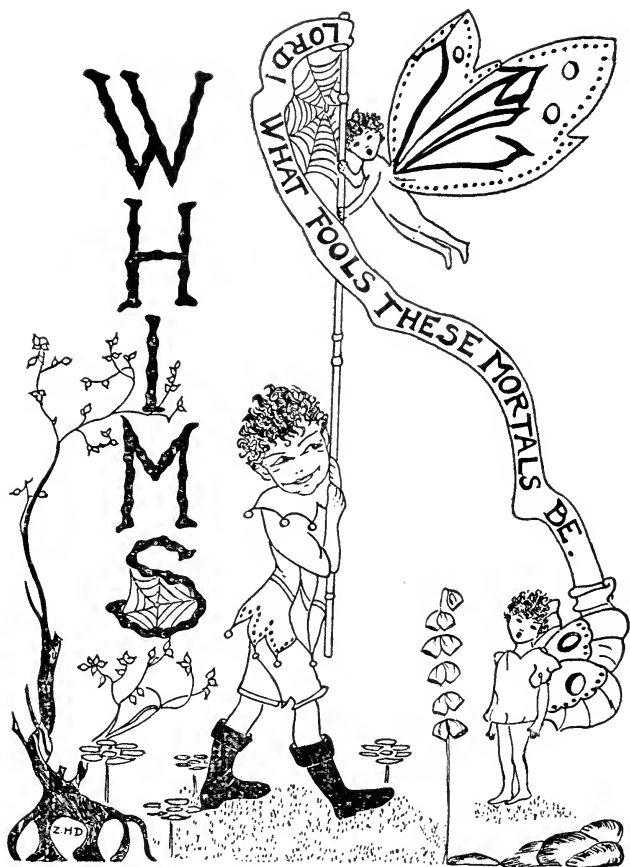
NEWELL ANDREWS

"Andrews"

Substitute Guard



Andrews was a hard player; at running guard he was a success because of his ability to cage the long ones; if his man got a basket it was gotten by some mighty fast work.



WHIMS.

Miss Schwefel: "Mademoiselle Cloud, tell me in French what you had for dinner."

P. Cloud: "I had meat and potatoes, bread and butter, coffee and cream and (not sure of the pronunciation of sugar) cigar."

Lloyd Peterson at annual board meeting: "If we put Mr. McDonald on this page, we won't have room for the rest of the school board."

N. R. to P. H. who came into Am. Lit. class late: "My! but your shoes squeak."

P. H.: "Yes, I have plenty of music in my sole."

Seniors were made for great things,
Juniors were made for small
But we haven't yet discovered
Why Sophomores were made at all.

Exch.

Senior: "Life is just one thing after another—all for the annual."

Leo Bechtold: "What's that book you're reading?"

Florence Stewart: "How to make love."

Leo B.: "Oh! Let me read it!"

Mr. S.: "What is the date of the Declaration of Independence?"

Freese (sleeping peacefully) "1773".

In Chemistry class: Mr. Mahre: "This substance is so poisonous that a drop on a dog's tongue will kill a man."

Dean McSloy in debating: "Students of affairs say that these immigrants are undesirable. They are not of the 'sturdy socks' of Northern Europe."

Student: "What is imagination?"

Wise Senior: "Imagination is that something which makes a fellow think he's killed when he is only stunned by an English assignment."



"Huts"



Senior "Beauties"



"Nobody knows
+ Nobody Cares"



"Mickey"

S
F



Archer winning"

H
S



"Think!!!!"

1
9
2
0



"Young Bird" Sisters



In the "Shade"



Wanted - A "Boy"



"Our" Editor



Oh! Look!!



"Leap Year"



A Little "Bashful"



Before July 1st
1918

1920



"His favorite time" pass-

Sioux Falls



"Boys'?!?!?"

High School

WHIMS—Continued

Floris B. : " Mr. President. I move you— "

Tommy F. (newly elected chairman of Civics class) : "Stand up if you want to dress the chair ."

Helen Donahue: "Say but my lips are chapped."

Mr. Stevenson: "You should put something on them to keep the chaps away."

Mr. Rayl in 5th Period assembly: "If you five girls don't stop talking, I will throw you out the window."

Fae W. : "Well, we were talking about politics."

Lucile O. : "Yes. Who are you for Lowden or Wood?"

B. C. : "Lloyd, why don't you take lessons in vamping?"

L. P. : "I don't need to. I know how already."

Girls! Beware of Pete!

Discussing the fickleness of women.

Pyrle C.: "I think women are the most disgusting things anyway!"

Vera W.: "They are—except men."

Miss Wilson in American Literature class is reading on in the next poem :

Mayme : "Where are you now ?"

Miss W. " 'soul,'—turn over and read."

"The Seniors are a jolly crowd,
They've got a lot o' pep.
They aren't the kind that are so proud,
They have a splendid "rep"
We're speaking of the Seniors
Of the class of 1920
And if you happen to mention pep,
They've surely got a plenty.
The girls don't quarrel, the boys don't fight.
They even treat the Freshies right."

WHIMS—Continued

N. Reid— reporting in 15 minute group on the council meeting: "During the meeting Mr. Early explained to us the plans for the new school building. He says it is going to be lower down than our present building."

P. McDowell hollered out—"Fine! that suits me."

Teacher: "We discussed that while you were looking at George's feet."

Student: "Well, I was contemplating immense problems."

Silently, one by one,
In the infinite meadows of nowhere
Blossom the little freckles
The for-get-me-nots of Stubby.

Mr. Stevenson: "The other day there was a fellow on the street car who was smoking."

N. Andrews: "Oh well, they probably thought they were in a fog."

R. McCarty: "My cheeks are on fire."

L. Olson: "I thought I smelled burnt paint."

Say Maud, I've a good joke—but it's a poem (one of my own make).

See the little freshies in a row,
My! how small they seem to be!
Do you suppose they'll ever grow
To be as big as me?

It really belongs in the literary department — a rare piece of art — don' cha' know? — but I'll give it to you.

Stubby C.

P.S. It hasn't been copyrighted yet.

What is the difference between (1) a gardener, (2) a billiard player, (3) a gentleman, (4) a sexton? (1) minds his peas, (2) his cues, (3) his p's and q's (4) minds his keys and pews.

Exchange.

S
I
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U
X
F
A
L
L
S



H
I
G
H
S
C
H
O
O
L

"Souzers"



Alum among "LADIES"



"F-Y-N-G-D-M-R-R"

S
I
O
U
X
F
A
L
L
S



"Some Gang"

S
O
U
T
H
D
A
K
O
T
A



"Ice Cream"

1
9
2
0



"BUMS"



"Our Chemists"



Vamping a "Henry"



"Oh, Well"



"How Shocking"



"Oh, Dean"



U-Don'-Tell Me

1920



"Some Skaters"

S
F



Thinking of "Al"

H
S

WHIMS—Continued

Mahre: "It used to be that people called anything that had
a sting an acid."

Bechtold: "What about a bee, Mahre?"

"Rubbers"

You must always wear your rubbers
To keep out the mud and wet.
Don't you dare forget your rubbers,
Or you'll get a spanking yet.

Helen O. Helfert

(The poet in our midst.)

Freshman: "I woke up last night with a terrible sensation
that my watch was gone. The impression was so
strong that I got up and looked."

Soph.: "Well, was it gone?"

Freshie: "No, it was going."

Little Georgie Freese
Was sitting neath the trees
Eating limburger cheese.
Along came a swarm of bees
And stung him on the knees
And consequently made him sneeze
Poor little Georgie Freese!

Maude: "Gordon put his arm around me five times' last
night."

Ruth: "Some arm!"

Mr. Ott: "Leo came to class this morning with a big cu-
cumber in his button hole, and the poor fish thought
it was a shamrock."

A fly and a flea in a flue
Were imprisoned so what could they do?
Said the flea, "Let us fly."
Said the fly, "Let us flee."
So they flew up a flaw in the flue.

Exchange.

WHIMS—Continued

B. C.: "I haven't seen the man I'm going to marry yet, have you?"

P. C.: "No, I'm going to have mine made to order."

Lloyd P.: "Are you fond of lobster?"

Alice W.: "Oh, Lloyd, this is so sudden!"

Wood: "Did you take a shower bath?"

Hank: "Why, is one missing?"

In 4¹ Chemistry.

Mr. Mahre to Leo Bechtold playing with water faucet and drinking every few minutes: "Better be careful around the water, Leo."

Leo: "Why? I'm used to it."

Mahre: "Yes, but remember that light objects float."

Soph: "Just as I came thru the the door"

Freshie: "You came through the door? I always go through the doorway, it's easier"

Helen: "Lucile, I'm afraid some day you'll die of lint on the lungs."

Lucile: "How would I get that way?"

Helen: "From chewing the rag."

Thomas and Borghild at a basketball game.

Borghild: "Who is that handsome young forward?"

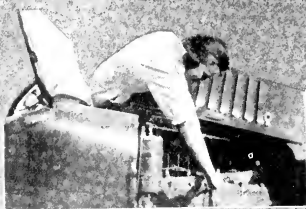
Tommy: "That's Hartwell. He'll soon be our best man."

Borghild: "Oh! Tommy, this is so sudden."

She stood beneath the willows,
Her lashes brushed her cheek,
They hid her eyes so gentle,
Her eyes so soft and meek.

I gazed, "Oh pretty creature,"
Her eyes she slowly raised,
It seemed that she was blushing
Her beauty held me dazed.

She dropped her curling lashes,
She brushed against a bough;
She ran at my advances,
A frightened Jersey cow.



'Issy' the mechanic

'20



Signals 4-11-44



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"Our Movie Star"

SIoux
FALLS

HIGH
SCHOOL



"OH! Hank"



"SHORTY"



"STUBBY"



Near the "FALLS"

"1920"



"THEDA"



"FRANK"



Facing "De Feet"



"D" "B" "D"



"1920" + "1923"
"Some difference"



"Jeff" + "Mott"



"I came from 'Vibory'"



"LONG" "AGO"



"Shimmying"

WHIMS—Continued

What would happen if

1. George Freese got on the honor roll?
2. Lloyd Peterson were off the honor roll?
3. Students studied in the assembly?
4. Bill Steever "stepped out?"
5. Freshies had brains?
6. Emily wouldn't accept excuses?
7. Floris didn't wear red?
8. Bernice Carroll were 6 feet 2 inches tall?
9. Brainard combed his hair?
10. Art Olson grew up?
11. Mr. Ott were cranky?
12. Mr. Rayl talked fast?

Moriz Levenger is contemplating buying a pair of oxfords.
He thinks he can get a shine for a dime.

If Harold E. Would Write would Nellie Reid (Read)?
No, but Alice Wood(ward)

Mr. Mahre: "You girls didn't know that tin was magnetic
did you?"

Maud Williams: "Sure I knew it all the time."

Mr. Mahre: "Well it isn't."

Bob. Anderson: "You see all the girls smile at me."

Harold Bell: "That's nothing, I laughed at you the first time
I saw you."

Bob. Dott, handing paper to Miss. Wilson: "I don't know if
you can decipher it; I can't sometimes myself."

Miss. Wilson: "That's all right; I'm used to reading hieroglyphics."

Leon Archer: "Say, Mr Ott, how long can a person live without
brains?"

Mr. Ott: "I don't know. How old are you?"

Mr. Stevenson: "Didn't I tell you to get your history lesson?
Here you are unable to repeat a word of it."

Floris B.: "I didn't think it necessary. I've always heard
history repeats itself."

WHIMS—Continued

On good authority Emily Savage's favorite pastime is chasing her hat down the street assisted by six chivalrous men.

Mr. Stevenson: in 4th Hist. Class (To the other two in the front row besides George and Tommy) : "You chime in too, and make it a quartet of saxaphones."

SPRING

Again the joyful Spring has come,
And again the student begins to bum ;
Again the Junior sits and spoons,
And again the Spring poet is full of prunes.

Exchange

"DON'T FELLOWS, DON'T."

Don't take a girl to the dance. Just take her home,—what's the use of taking that long walk twice?

Don't ask her to dance until the music starts. Then make a wild dash forward. You don't want her to feel too confident.

Don't take a girl back to her seat after you get through dancing with her, just leave her in the middle of the floor. She knows best where she wants to go.

Don't thank her for the dance. She realizes the pleasure was all hers. Don't speak to her next time you see her, if she doesn't want you to take her home. Just show her that your attentions are not to be trifled with.

Don't make a martyr of yourself if the girl isn't a good dancer. Dance the encore with someone else. Remember you could always dance.

Don't forget your gum, if you don't feel like talking, just chew it a while.

And don't call her up for a date until at least after dinner, she might waste too much time in anticipation of it. Remember, she's here for work.

WHIMS—Continued

Bright Freshie : "What's the orchestra playing now?"

Senior : "Don't know, why do you ask?"

Bright Freshie; "Well, I thought it was a lullaby. My foot's gone to sleep "

Bill S. : "Why the service flag on your, Ford, Mike?"

Mike T. : "I've only got one cylinder in service. Pretty soon I'll need a gold star."

'Twas just five by the clock on the sill

When the sentry stepped from the house so still.

As he buttoned his great army coat

He said, "This surely gets my goat,

Going out in the cold snow this way

To feed those dog-goned mules their hay."

Q. Why does Gordon Orr go to History class?

A. To orate.

George F. In French class: "But I didn't think I deserved an absolute zero."

Miss Schwefel "Neither did I, but that's the lowest mark I'm allowed to give."

Tena: "Bernice what makes you so fat?"

Bernice: "Why I eat what is right. What makes you so thin?"

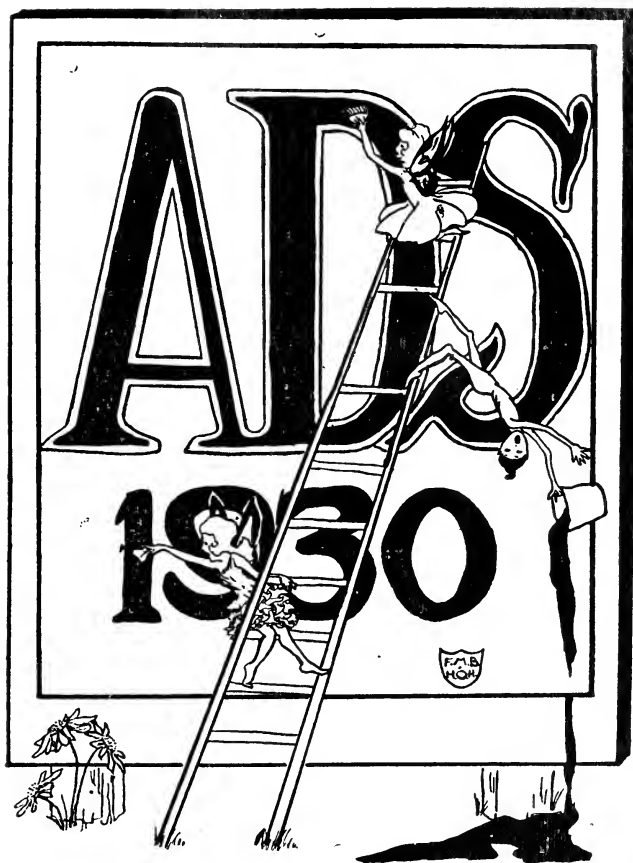
Tena: "I eat what's left.

Mr. Rayl: "Did you get those experiments?"

Harold E.: "Yes sir, I got them."

Mr. Rayl: "From whom?"

The class of 1920 were going to make a will on graduation but thought better of it as they do not intend to become back numbers or dead ones and also considering the fact that no one around the high school needs anything we could give them except the pep which the class of 19½ so generously willed us (though we didn't need it at all.)





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